"THE WITHERED HAND," A STRANGE AND THRILLING STORY, NEXT WEEK.
BOYS, READ "FRANK DOULTON AT SEA," IT IS A REMARKABLY GOOD ONE.

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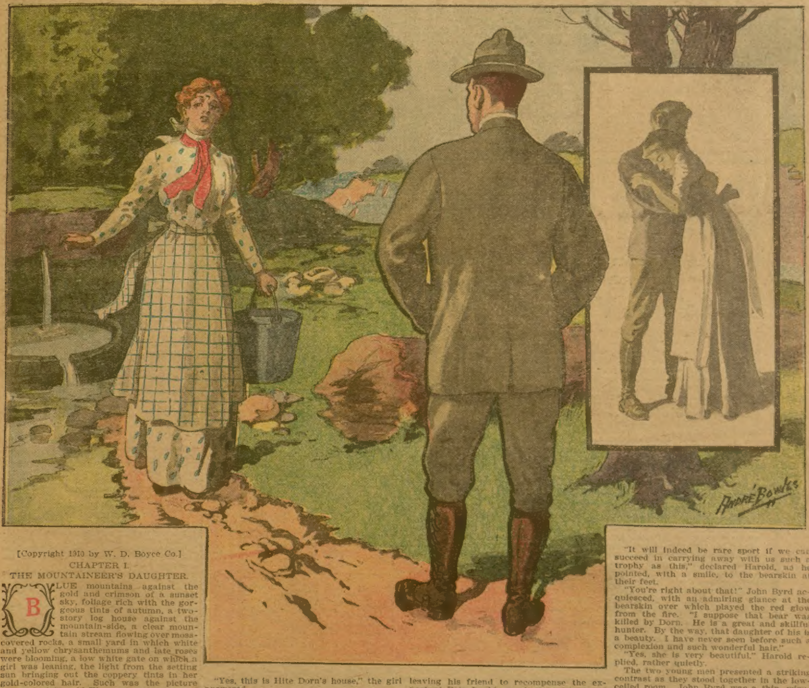
Esther, the Mountain Beauty

By Emma Howard Wight



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CHAPTER I.

THE MOUNTAINEER'S DAUGHTER.

BLUE mountains against the gold and crimson of a sunset sky, foliage rich with the gorgeous tints of autumn, a two-story log house against the mountain-side, a clear mountain stream flowing over moss-covered rocks, a small yard in which white and yellow chrysanthemums and late roses were blooming, a low white gate on which a girl was leaning, the light from the setting sun bringing out the coppery tints in her gold-colored hair. Such was the picture upon which Harold Warren gazed entranced as the buggy moved slowly up the mountain road.

His nature was an artistic one and the beauty of nature always appealed to him, but everything else was forgotten as his eyes lingered upon the face of the girl who leaned upon the gate. It was an unspeakably lovely face, with its wonderful bloom, large, soft, brown eyes, the dark lashes contrasting oddly, but charmingly, with the deep gold of the girl's hair. She was very young, not more than seventeen, Harold concluded, as his eyes wandered from her face to the slim, girlish grace of her figure.

"This is Hite Dorn's house, is it not?" John Byrd, Harold's companion, asked, as the little darky, who had accompanied them from Strasburg, the nearest town, dropped the lines upon his lap to signify that they had reached their destination.

Harold listened rather eagerly for the girl to reply. When she spoke the spell of her beauty would in all probability be broken, he told himself, for she was only a mountaineer's daughter and it was not to be expected that she would be otherwise than rough and uncultured, even though her face had the patrician beauty of a duchess.

"Yes, this is Hite Dorn's house," the girl answered.

Harold experienced a sensation both of surprise and relief, though he could hardly have accounted for the latter sensation. The girl's voice was low and sweet and strangely refined, with just a touch of the drawl peculiar to the dwellers in the mountains that added to its charm.

"Oh c'ose dis am Hite Dorn's house," declared Pete, the little darky, with an aggrieved air. "I reckon 'tain't de fust time I'se dun druv gempmen heah what war gwine to hunt on de moun'ain. Ain't dat so, Miss Esther?"

"Indeed it is, Pete," the girl replied, with a smile that caused Harold to wonder anew at her beauty.

He and John Byrd had gotten out of the buggy and were gathering together their rifles, suit cases and other paraphernalia.

The girl turned and passed into the house, returning in a few moments with a glass of cider and some cookies for the regalement of Pete. She then turned to the two young men and said:

"Please to walk into the house, dad ain't home, but he'll be along presently."

Harold walked slowly through the small yard to the front door of the log house, leaving his friend to recompense the expectant Pete for his services as driver and guide.

Upon entering the house, Harold found himself in what was evidently the living-room. He glanced about him curiously and with an interest he would not have felt if the place had not been the home of the loveliest girl he had ever seen.

The room was plainly, almost barely furnished, but there was an air of exquisite neatness that distinguished it. A wooden table on which was a blue china bowl filled with roses and sweet peas; a rough dresser containing dishes, and an old-fashioned settle on one side of the big fireplace comprised the furniture of the room. In front of the fireplace, in which several big logs were burning, was spread a magnificent black bearskin.

The one small window faced the west and the room was filled with a red glow from the setting sun.

Harold was standing looking about him when John Byrd entered.

"Looks like we might be pretty comfortable up here on the mountain," the latter exclaimed, as he gave a rapid glance about the room. "And, no doubt, we shall have rare sport."

"It will indeed be rare sport if we can succeed in carrying away with us such a trophy as this," declared Harold, as he pointed, with a smile, to the bearskin at their feet.

"You're right about that!" John Byrd acquiesced, with an admiring glance at the bearskin over which played the red glow from the fire. "I suppose that bear was killed by Dorn. He is a great and skillful hunter. By the way, that daughter of his is a beauty. I have never seen before such a complexion and such wonderful hair."

"Yes, she is very beautiful," Harold replied, rather quietly.

The two young men presented a striking contrast as they stood together in the low-celled room. John Byrd was a thin, wiry-looking young fellow, with a shrewd, plain face. Harold Warren was very handsome, of athletic build, with a blond patrician face that was singularly attractive.

Harold went and stood by the window. The red glow from the setting sun had faded from the room, leaving it fire-lighted. The top of the mountain was bathed in a glow of golden light, while the gray pall of twilight lay heavily upon the spot where the log house stood.

Harold watched thoughtfully the shadows creeping up the mountains until they blotted out the golden light.

"I reckon you all are hungry?"

Harold turned quickly from the window at the sound of the low, soft voice. The girl had entered the room and stood looking at the young men a little shyly.

It was John Byrd who replied.

"Well, I must admit the soft impeachment," he said. "This mountain air is calculated to give one an appetite."

"I'll soon have supper ready," the girl declared, moving to a door leading into what was evidently the kitchen. "Dad's comin' now."

As she reappeared in a few moments

with a lighted lamp which she placed on the table, a man, with a rifle slung across one shoulder and a bunch of rabbits across the other, entered the room from the yard.

He was a very Hercules in build, with strongly marked features, an eye like a hawk, and a great black curling beard flowing over his magnificent chest. Harold Warren thought him a very picturesque figure in his corduroy trousers, leather leggins, dark blue sweater and soft gray hat.

"I reckoned on bein' heah when you arriv'," he said as he placed his gun in a corner and shook hands with the two young men. "But I got on the trail of a coon and went a leetle further up the mountain than I thought for."

"We have only just arrived," John Byrd explained. "Though we left Strasburg about four o'clock."

"It's slow drivin' up the mountain," said Dorn. He turned toward his daughter as he spoke, and Harold saw his eyes soften with the tenderness one sees in the eyes of a loving woman. "It was that thar coon, honey, what made me so late," he added.

"I suppose you do not like to be alone here after dark, Miss Dorn?" John Byrd said, as the girl came and stood beside her father.

She glanced at him first in surprise, then she smiled.

"I never thought about mindin' that," she replied.

"Esther's a hunter's daughter and has lived all her life on the mountain," said Dorn. "She don't know what it means to be afraid."

As he spoke he laid his hand, for a moment, with exquisite gentleness upon the girl's gleaming hair.

She looked up into his face and the softness, the infinite tenderness in her exquisite eyes sent a strange thrill through Harold Warren. He fell to wondering if any one else had the power to bring that look into her wondrous eyes. Had she a lover, some rough mountaineer like Dorn, whom she would in time marry, for whom she would work and drudge and bear children while her beauty faded and she grew prematurely old? The mere thought was excessively distasteful to Harold Warren.

"She is far too lovely for such a fate," he told himself.

"I reckon my leetle gal don't want no better protector than that thar," Hite Dorn declared, pointing to a neat Winchester rifle hanging on the wall near the door. "She knows how to handle a rifle 'most as well as her dad, don't you, honey? She can shoot straight, mighty straight, Essie can. Now, run along, honey, and git the supper. I reckon these heah gentlemen will kinder relish a meal arter their trip up the mountain."

Esther quickly passed into the adjoining room. It was not long before supper was ready and both young men did full justice to the fried rabbit, corn bread, fried potatoes, and coffee.

After supper Dorn and the two young men sat down before the fire which blazed and crackled on the great hearth, the warmth of which was very agreeable, for, though it was only October, the nights were cold on the mountain.

Harold watched Esther as she moved about the room, clearing the table and setting it to rights, while he marveled anew at her beauty. Later, as he lay in bed in the raftered room above, with John Byrd snoring lustily beside him, Harold found that the memory of Esther Dorn's lovely face haunted him and banished sleep.

"Am I bewitched by this mountaineer's daughter?" he murmured impatiently, as he tossed from side to side.

CHAPTER II.

"I CAN'T READ."

At length, after some time, Harold fell asleep, but, notwithstanding the fact that he was very tired, he awoke as the first gray glimmerings of dawn were creeping in at the tiny window under the roof. He glanced a little enviously at John Byrd, who still slept soundly.

"How he would chaff if he knew what a restless night I have spent owing to the fact that Hite Dorn's daughter has an uncommonly lovely face, a low, sweet voice and rare grace of movement," said Harold to himself. "Well, there's no use to lie here and try to coax the god, Morpheus. I'll get up. It will be well worth while to watch the sunrise on this mountain."

He jumped out of bed with something like a sigh of relief, dressed himself hurriedly, without arousing John Byrd and, opening the door, descended the stairs that led direct into the livingroom. The room was empty, there was no sign of Hite Dorn or his daughter. Harold gave a glance into the kitchen. The room was also empty, but it was evident that some one was stirring, for a fire burned briskly in the stove, and the water in the kettle was boiling.

Harold turned back into the livingroom, and from there passed out of doors. A heavy mist overhung the mountain and the early air was chill. Harold shivered and was about to re-enter the house when he noticed that the mist that shrouded the mountain was beginning to be tinged with pink.

He went down to the low white gate and watched the gradual deepening of the pink until the mist resembled a great, rose-hued curtain. Then slowly it began to lift, until the mountains stood revealed, bathed in a splendor of golden light. Golden gleams crept down the mountain-side, the primrose of the sky merged into blue, the sun rose above the mountain-top, lighting the frosted trees into crystallized masses of gorgeous coloring.

Harold drew a long, deep breath of admiration. He had never seen anything more beautiful than the sunrise on the mountain. It was like a scene from fairyland.

As he still lingered at the gate, entranced, Esther Dorn came toward him along the path leading from the spring, with the glory of the sunlight upon the golden splendor of her hair. For a moment he stood motionless, gazing upon her. She seemed a part of the glorious light and beauty of the new-born day.

Then he moved forward, lifting his hat.

"Good morning," he said. "Let me carry that for you," and he took from her hand the pail of water she was carrying.

She glanced at him shyly.

"You're up early," she remarked.

"Yes," murmured Harold, a little abstractedly. He was looking at the girl and wondering at her exquisite coloring. Her skin was absolutely flawless in the bright morning light. Her brown eyes had the innocence and unconsciousness of a child, as she looked up into his face. Harold fell to conjecturing how lovely they would be all alight with a woman's passionate tenderness.

"Yes," Harold replied, "I wanted to see the sunrise on the mountain. And it was well worth seeing. I don't think I have ever seen anything more beautiful."

"And our friend? Did he get up to see the sunrise?"

Harold laughed.

"No, indeed," he replied. "It would never occur to Byrd to forego his morning nap to see a sunrise no matter how beautiful. That sort of thing does not appeal to Byrd."

"The mountain air makes people very sleepy until they get used to it," Esther declared, practically.

"Do you not find life on this mountain very lonely?" Harold asked.

"I ain't ever known any other life," she answered, simply. And after a moment added, "And I have dad."

"Your mother is dead?" Harold queried, quietly.

"Yes, she died when I was born."

"And you are happy?"

They had reached the gate and Harold paused, as he asked the question, resting the pail on the ground.

The girl glanced at him a little bewilderedly.

"Happy?" she murmured. She paused as though the thought was a new one to her. "Why, yes, of course, I—am happy," she added. "And I ain't lonesome only when dad's away of nights."

"Good God!" thought Harold, "how cruel to leave this girl alone in that way. Your father should not leave you alone here at night," he said aloud.

"That's what other gentlemen that have hunted with dad have said," said Esther, musingly.

A wild, unreasoning jealousy seized upon Harold.

"I wonder if those 'gentlemen' made love to her?" he was thinking. "I will send you some books and then the evenings will not seem so long and lonely," he added aloud.

"They wouldn't be no use to me," the girl said quietly. "I can't read."

Harold flushed.

"I beg your pardon," he murmured.

The girl glanced at him quickly in surprise, then her eyes fell and she flushed deeply. For the first time in her life the innocent, untutored child of the mountain was conscious of a feeling of shame. She had heretofore accepted her ignorance as a matter of course and thought nothing of it, but now it suddenly had become something of which to be ashamed.

Harold felt a wild thrill of pity, tenderness and yearning as he saw the painful flush on her cheek and the troubled look in her eyes. Mad words rose to his lips, but, fortunately, perhaps, before he had time to give them speech, Esther lifted the pail and passed through the gate toward the house.

Harold recovered himself with a feeling of relief.

"I believe I was about to make a fool of myself," he murmured. "Poor girl! it never occurred to me that she was so illiterate that she could not even read. She is so lovely, so refined in manner, so patrician in appearance. One might fancy, to look at her and to hear her voice, that she had the bluest of blue blood in her veins. And, she is only a rough mountaineer's daughter."

At that moment Hite Dorn came down the mountain carrying a couple of huge logs with an ease that caused Harold to regard him admiringly.

"What superb strength the fellow has!" he was thinking.

Hite Dorn gave him a cheery good morning as he went toward the woodpile.

"I was admiring your strength," Harold said. "I fancied I was pretty strong. I went in quite a great deal for athletics at college, but I am sure I could not manage those logs."

Dorn laughed as he tossed the logs without any apparent effort upon the woodpile and laid down the ax he was carrying.

"I reckon all human critters has some good gift," he said. "The good Lord gave me strength. It's the poor man's wealth."

Just then John Byrd appeared in the doorway.

"Good morning, Dorn," he said. "Halloo, Harold, how long have you been up?"

"I was up at dawn," Harold replied. "You can't imagine anything finer than the sunrise on this mountain, John."

John Byrd shrugged his shoulders.

"No doubt," he said indifferently, and Harold laughed.

As he came toward the gate, Dorn's eyes lingered upon Harold's handsome, high-bred face and he gave a slight start as he studied it for the moment.

"There's a look of her in his face," he murmured to himself as he went on toward the house. "I seen it when he smiled."

A quivering sigh heaved his great chest as he passed into the livingroom and through to the kitchen, where Esther was busy preparing the breakfast.

CHAPTER III.

"I LOVE YOU."

Four weeks later.

The roses and chrysanthemums had faded and died in the little yard of the log house on the mountain, the trees were bare and the dead leaves lay thickly on the mountain paths.

The day was cold, with flurries of snow in the air.

Harold and John Byrd sat before a great fire in the livingroom.

"Our last day on the mountain," John Byrd remarked, after a silence that had lasted for some little time. "Well, we've had pretty good sport, though I am going back without having fulfilled my ambition." As Harold looked at him inquiringly, he added, with a smile, as he pointed to the superb bearskin upon which their feet rested. "I've nothing of that nature in proof of my prowress as a hunter."

"You have the skin of that opossum you killed yesterday," said Harold. "And I'll make you a present of the skin of the coon I killed a day or so ago."

"Thanks," Byrd responded, a little dryly. "But after aspiring to a bearskin, nothing else will come up to my expectations. Speaking of opossums, I had no idea they made such excellent eating. That opossum potpie we had for dinner was delicious. We've fared sumptuously on game. That daughter of Dorn's knows how to cook it." He paused, and then added, "I wonder what time Dorn will return from Strasburg? I told him to impress upon that unique specimen, Pete, to be here at noon tomorrow."

Harold arose abruptly, walked to the window, stood there a moment or so looking out, and then returned to the fire.

"I am not so sure that I shall go with you tomorrow," he remarked, with something of an effort. Then, as Byrd glanced at him quickly, he added, "I am thinking of remaining for a week or so longer."

"I am very sorry to hear it," Byrd declared bluntly.

Harold flushed.

"Why should you be sorry?" he asked. "I know of no reason for it."

"Don't you?" queried Byrd, rather significantly. "Well, I am sorry because I am sure no good can come of your remaining

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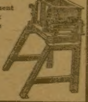

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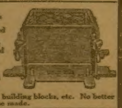

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here." He paused, then added, "And a great deal of harm may result from it."

"What do you mean?" asked Harold.

"Perhaps I had better come right out and speak plainly," Byrd replied. He glanced toward the door leading into the kitchen, where Esther could be heard moving about, and lowered his voice as he continued, "Do you suppose, old fellow, that I have been blind to your infatuation for Esther Dorn?" Harold started a little, but did not speak. "Now, see here, Harold, you can't marry the girl, and, as you are not a scoundrel, you can have no base designs in regard to her. So what good can possibly come of your remaining on here? None, and, as I said before, harm may come of it both to you and to her."

"Do you think that she cares?" Harold asked, with a passionate eagerness he was powerless to control.

"If she does, all the worse for her," Byrd replied. "If she does care for you, Harold, she is not yet aware of it herself. Let her remain in ignorance unless you wish to destroy her peace."

Harold sat staring rather moodily into the fire and it was some moments before he spoke.

"You claim that I am infatuated with Esther Dorn," he said at length. "It is more than infatuation. I love her."

"Admitting that you do love her, are you prepared to make her your wife?" asked Byrd. "I do not think that you are," he continued, as Harold remained silent. "The girl is pure and good and very beautiful, I grant you that. But she is low-born and so illiterate that she cannot even read nor write. If you marry her, you will commit an act of folly that you must sooner or later bitterly regret. Look at the matter from a common sense, practical standpoint. You are entirely dependent upon your uncle. It is true you are his heir and next of kin, but there is nothing to prevent his disinheriting you, if he so wishes. And there is not the shadow of a doubt but that he will cut you off, disinherit you if you marry Esther Dorn. He repudiated his own daughter, cast her off because she married beneath her. Is it likely he will deal more leniently with you under like conditions? I think not. Of course, if you are bent upon marrying the girl at all costs, then there is nothing to be said. But if you have no intention of marrying her, then you should leave this place with me tomorrow and see Esther Dorn no more."

Again there was silence for some little time. Then Harold spoke in a dull, spiritless voice, in which there was a great weariness.

"You are right, only too right in all that you urge," he said. "I love Esther Dorn, but I cannot see how it is possible for me to marry her, so for me to remain on here would be not alone weak, but dishonorable and perhaps cruel." He hesitated for the space of a moment, then added firmly, "I will go with you tomorrow."

"I am glad to hear you say that, old fellow," John Byrd said earnestly, as he arose and walked over to the window. "I hope we are not going to have a snowstorm," he added more lightly, as he looked out. "In that case we might find it difficult, if not impossible to get down the mountain."

Harold, staring miserably into the fire, was conscious of a desire that they would be snow-bound, or that something might happen to prevent their getting away. He made up his mind to do what was honorable and right, to go away and put Esther Dorn out of his life, since it had to be, but the anguish it caused him to do this was none the less bitter. And his heart sank heavily when Byrd exclaimed a moment later, with something like an expression of relief in his voice:

"It's clearing! I see a patch of blue sky over the mountain."

Harold felt for the moment that he almost hated Byrd for his elation, and when Byrd announced his intention of going for a walk and asked Harold to accompany him, he received a somewhat sullen refusal.

"I hope the girl will keep to her bread-baking and Harold will not be tempted into making love to her," John Byrd said to himself as he passed out of the house.

The sound of the closing of the door brought Esther from the kitchen, but she stopped in some little confusion when she found Harold sitting before the fire.

"I—I thought you had gone out," she murmured, as he turned toward her and arose to his feet.

"No, it was only Byrd who went out," he replied. "Won't you come and talk with me for a little while?" he added, while he realized that it would have been wiser for him to have accompanied his friend.

The girl hesitated for a moment, then, as though impelled by some power she could not resist, she moved slowly toward the fireplace and stood at Harold's side.

Neither spoke for a while. Harold was looking passionately at the girl, drinking in her rare beauty with a sense of rebellion and bitter revolt at his heart.

"'If she be not fair for me what care I how fair she be?'" he murmured to himself, but the philosophy of the words was absent. He did care and care desperately that she was fair.

"This will be the last chance of talking with you, just we two," he said at length, speaking with a palpable effort. "I did think of remaining longer," he went on, desperately, as he saw her start and quiver at his words, "but have decided that it will be best for me not to do so."

The color died slowly out of her cheeks, leaving her white to the lips. Slowly, heavily she lifted her eyes and looked at him. They were no longer the innocent, unconscious eyes of a child, the awakened soul of a woman looked forth from them. She was but a simple child of nature, and she knew nothing of the poise, the self-control, the art by which women of the world conceal their feelings, control their emotions.

John Byrd had been right in his belief that she did not understand her feelings toward Harold. Up to that time she had not. But the anguish of the knowledge that he was going away to leave her and that in all probability she would never see him again, taught her in one single instant the truth. She loved him.

Her self-betrayal, involuntary, helpless, pathetic, appealed to all that was manly, to all that was chivalrous, to all that was most tender in Harold's nature. Everything save that he loved her and that she loved him, was put aside and forgotten.

He sprang to her side and took her hands in his.

"I love you, Esther," he murmured passionately. "If you love me, tell me so and I will come back to you, dearest. Tell me that you love me."

She gazed up at him, while a great wondering joy dawned and deepened in her brown eyes. The dainty color came back to her cheeks, tinting them like the heart of a rose. She was so lovely that, for the moment, Harold could only gaze upon her spellbound, entranced by her radiant beauty. Then, with a passionate exclamation, he clasped her in his arms and kissed her on her red, quivering lips.

"My darling, do you love me?" he murmured passionately.

"Yes, I do love you," she replied slowly, as though marveling at the emotions that swayed her. "I reckon I love you very much, for I never felt just like this for any one but dad."

Harold laughed joyously and laid his lips against her hair, that glittered and sparkled in the firelight.

"I don't think you care for me just in the same way that you care for your father, dearest," he declared. "I don't want you to care in that way." The meaning of his words reached her and she blushed and smiled. "And you didn't know until now that you loved me?" Harold asked as he remembered John Byrd's assertion.

She shook her head.

"No, I don't think I knew until you told me you was going away," she replied.

Harold winced. Even in the first blissful moments of their love, her illiterate manner of speaking jarred upon him. He suppressed a sigh as he kissed her and then gently released her.

"I must go look at my bread or it will burn," the girl said, as she turned reluctantly to go back to the kitchen, and Harold made no effort to detain her. He wanted to be alone to think over the new condition of affairs before his friend returned.

John Byrd came in an hour later and found Harold sitting before the fire with a very grave look on his face.

He arose and Byrd approached him and said:

"I have something to tell you, John."

John gave him a quick, inquiring glance.

"I hope you are not going to tell me that you've gone and made a fool of yourself," he exclaimed.

Harold smiled a little grimly.

"I have asked Esther Dorn to be my wife—if that is what you would term making a fool of myself," he replied.

"Well, yes, that is what I would term having made a fool of yourself," John Byrd admitted. Then, with a shrug of the shoulder, he added, "Well, I did all I knew how to prevent it, but since I have failed, there is nothing more to be done or said."

"No, there is nothing to be done or said," Harold acquiesced, as he took his hat and went out.

"I was a fool to let him out of my sight with a chance of a tete-a-tete with that girl," John Byrd thought ruefully, as he sat down before the fire and held out his chilled hands to the blaze. "Given opportunity and propinquity the result is certain under conditions of such a nature. What an idiot I was not to stick to him till I had gotten him off this mountain. One thing is sure. He'll have to choose between that girl and his uncle's wealth. Strange things come to pass in this world, but I can imagine nothing more unlikely than Decatur Beverley's consenting to his nephew's marriage with Hite Dorn's daughter."

CHAPTER VI.

AN ILL-FATED MARRIAGE.

That evening Harold ate his supper in the humble, fire-lighted room of Hite Dorn's log house on the mountain, with the lovely, radiant face of Esther Dorn opposite to him. At the same hour, upon the evening following, he was seated at dinner with his uncle at Beverley Manor, and in place of Esther's exquisite face, across a table glittering with silver and cut-glass, he looked upon the pale, aristocratic face of Decatur Beverley.

And the oftener he permitted his eyes to linger upon that cold, proud face, the lower Harold's spirits sank. With the glamour of Esther's beauty still upon him and the thrill of her shy tenderness still fresh and keen, he had not as yet reached the point of actually regretting having asked her to become his wife, but he was beginning to weaken at the thought of the price he must pay. To hope for one moment that his uncle would give his consent to the marriage, he knew was madness.

Harold had never heard the particulars of his cousin, Virginia Beverley's ill-fated marriage and he felt very curious to know them. He knew that she had married a man very much beneath her, had been cast off by her father and only lived a year after her marriage, but that was the extent of his knowledge. He dared not broach the subject to his uncle, who never allowed his daughter's name to be mentioned in his presence, but he determined to learn the particulars of Virginia Beverley's marriage from some source. Harold had come to make his home with his uncle when a lad of fourteen, upon the death of his mother, a widow and the only sister of Decatur Beverley. In all the years that Harold had been an inmate of his uncle's house, he had never heard the name of his cousin spoken at Beverley Manor.

Harold respected his uncle and stood somewhat in awe of him, but he had no affection for him. Cold, proud, cynical, embittered, Decatur Beverley was not a man to inspire affection. Harold, regarding him reflectively, wondered if he had loved the daughter to whom he had been so pitiless, so relentless.

"Your hunting trip does not appear to have agreed with you, Harold," his uncle observed, after some minutes of silence, "you are eating very little."

Harold started and his face flushed.

"I suppose its the lack of the mountain air," he replied, a little confusedly. "I had a fine appetite while I was on the mountain."

Decatur Beverley finished his glass of rare old port and arose.

"I will join you in a little while, sir," Harold said. As his uncle left the room, Harold turned to Grayson, the old colored butler, who had been born a slave at Beverley Manor and lived there all his life. "Grayson," said Harold, "I want you to tell me all about my Cousin Virginia's marriage."

The old darky started so violently that he almost dropped the decanter of wine that he was about to place beside Harold.

"Oh, Lawd, Marse Harold," he exclaimed, with a frightened glance at the door through which Decatur Beverley had passed, "don't you let de ole massa heah you talkin' lak dat. Don't you say nothin' to him 'bout Miss Virginia."

"I have no intention of doing that, Grayson," Harold hastened to reassure him. "But I want you to tell me about my cousin. She was very beautiful, was she not?"

"Ya'as," the old butler moved nearer to Harold and spoke in a low, guarded tone. "Miss Virginia, she war as beau'ful as one ob de hebbenly angels. Marse Harold, it sholy war strange dat wid all de fine gent'men what war in lub wid Miss Virginia, she went and falled in lub wid—him."

"With whom, Grayson?"

"He war no mo' dan a servant." Grayson's voice expressed a fine contempt. "He wurked 'bout de stables. He war a splendid hand at breakin' de colts and trainin' horses. He war mighty good-lookin', too, tall and strong and broad-shouldered and straight. It must hab been his good looks what tuk Miss Virginia's fancy, fo' he war dat dumb he couldn't even write his own name."

Harold started. Esther Dorn's lovely face, with the golden glory of the sunrise upon it, arose before him and he seemed to hear her low sweet voice saying:

"I can't read."

"A strange coincidence," murmured Harold to himself.

"Miss Virginia, she war mighty fond ob horses," Grayson continued, "and de finest lady rider in de whole country. It war 'ca'se of dat she comed to be throwed wid him. Ole massa always send him 'long wid Miss Virginia when she war ridin' a half-broke colt or a new hoss. Well, de fust thing everybody knowed, dey walk off one day and git married. I reckon dat Miss Virginia knowed it war no use fo' to ax de ole massa's consent to de marriage, but she reckoned on him fo'guvin' her arter it war done. But she make a great mistake 'bout dat, po' chile. She didn't know de ole massa. He nebber fo'guv'. He tole her to go wid her husband, dat he nebber want to see her face on earf ag'in, dat she warn't no daughter ob his'n no mo'." The old darky's voice grew tremulous and there were tears in his eyes. "Miss Virginia, she went 'way wid the po' white trash man she done married and we nebber seed her no mo'. But a yeah arter we done heahed dat she war dade."

The old man lifted his hand to brush away the tears and, for a moment, there was silence.

"Did my uncle grieve for her, Grayson?" asked Harold.

"Dat am hard fo' to say, Marse Harold," replied Grayson. "De ole massa ain't one what shows his feelin's, and ef he done grieved 'bout po' Miss Virginia nobody knowed it. Dat war eighteen yeahs ago."

"Did my uncle make a will and disinherit my cousin after her marriage?" queried Harold.

"Ya'as, he done send fo' Mistah Armstrong, his lawyer, to come de bery nex' day arter Miss Virginia went 'way. I went inter de libr'ry fo' to carry in some wine to Mistah Armstrong de day he comed and I heahed him pleadin' wid ole massa not to make de will what disinherit Miss Virginia, but it warn't one bit ob use. But my po' young mistis, she soon gone whar thar ain't no need ob money and whar she done find a Hebbenly Fadder mo' merciful dan her earfly one."

The old darky turned away with a sigh and a shake of his head.

Harold arose slowly to his feet, his face pale and very grave. If he had had any hope of winning his uncle's consent to his marriage with Esther Dorn, that hope was gone, after listening to Grayson's story. He knew that he must give up the moun-

(Continued on page seven.)

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CHAPTER XVI.

THE LOST DISPATCH.

ISAAC GALE, the Tory, and the father of of Miss Priscilla, had his fine mansion illuminated in honor of General Howe, who had been superseded by Sir Henry Clinton, and who would soon turn over the forces in the Quaker City to his successor.

It was the night after the capture of Captain Cunningham and Peter Peeps by the Minute Boys of Liberty.

Mother Hawks had ceased to annoy the generals over the capture and seemed, from her silence, to be carrying out the threat to turn against the King and become a Rebel.

Everywhere throughout the Tory's house a brilliant company might have been seen. There were British officers in splendid uniforms, handsome belles, whose hearts were with the royal cause, and it was the last place for a Patriot to lift his head.

Among the guests circulated the beautiful Priscilla, her real sentiments unknown to all but her maid Prudence, and she was the observed of all observers in her rich costume. Isaac was proud of his only daughter and every now and then his gaze followed her as she flitted from room to room, the belle of the city and a girl to be envied by every one.

It was near midnight ere the merriment reached its height.

General Howe passed from chamber to chamber, conversing briefly with the generals, but every now and then he would slip away to be near the beautiful Priscilla.

All at once an aide entered the main room and threw a searching look around.

At last he discovered Howe.

In another moment he was at the General's side and drew a bit of paper from his belt.

General Howe looked at it and thrust it into his pocket.

"We are not thinking of war just now," he observed with a glance toward the waiting aide.

"It is important, General. I just came in from the outposts."

"It can wait. The Rebels have not attacked, eh?"

"They have not, your excellency."

"Good! Then the dispatch cannot be of vital importance. By the way, who sends it?"

"Colonel Severan of the Hussars."

"Tell the Colonel, with my compliments, that I will attend to it later on," and General Howe once more returned to Priscilla, with whom he had retired to a secluded spot.

"It seems to me, General," observed the bewitching girl, "that you do not attach much importance to your dispatches?"

"Such are not likely to come from the outposts just now," was the reply. "Washington is miles away and we are leading a humdrum life in Philadelphia. Besides, I have been superseded and my successor, Sir Henry, can shoulder all the campaign from now on."

The fair girl noticed that General Howe had carelessly thrust the dispatch into an outer pocket, in which he carried his scented handkerchief. Her fingers itched to get hold of the paper if only for a moment, and her eyes suddenly brightened when, in drawing his handkerchief, the British General allowed the document to drop to the carpet unperceived.

Suddenly directing his attention across the room her dainty foot covered the paper and the next moment the sly little minx had it hidden in her bosom.

Hastily excusing herself she retired to a bunch of palms and drew forth her "find."

She read with distended eyes as follows:

"To His Excellency, General Howe: I have to report that five boys have just passed our outposts in a wagon. The vehicle was covered and one of my men declares that he saw protruding from the rear end the boots of two men. You will remember that Captain Cunningham and Peter Peeps are missing. The circumstance I have mentioned is, in my judgment, suspicious. The turn-out was headed towards Valley Forge. I have no mounted men at my command, only infantry. If you will at once order some of my Hussars in pursuit I am certain the wagon can be overtaken.
COL. SEVERAN."

No wonder the breath of Miss Priscilla almost left her as she read the lines which told so much. Her face went pale and her heart thumped in her bosom.

She believed that the five boys were the Minute Boys of Liberty and that they were really taking their prisoners to the Patriot camp.

At first she thought of destroying the dispatch, but she later on restored it to its hiding place and went back to the merry crowds with a smile on her face.

General Howe had not missed it and every moment was precious to the young Rebels.

"What's the rumpus here?" cried Isaac Gale, a few moments later when he had been drawn into the main corridor by a babble of sounds.

"Nothing, now, sir," replied a young major. "We've just got rid of the woman."

"What woman?" asked the Tory.

"She looked like the Witch of Endor, sir. She must have been crazy. She demanded to see General Howe, and——"

"What did she want?"

"Oh, sir, she ranted about some boys who had got away with two of the King's friends."

Isaac Gale laughed.

"I didn't care to interrupt the pleasures of the evening by informing the General," went on the young officer. "And I had to put the old hag out with a little rudeness. Her story was preposterous."

"No doubt, Major, not a bit of doubt about it," observed the Tory as he withdrew. "We can't afford to have General Howe imposed upon by an old woman."

Half an hour later the British General led Miss Priscilla into the banquet chamber.

She looked her sweetest and charmed her noble escort with her wit and merriment.

Long into the night the pleasures of the ball went on. The fair girl's thoughts were with the wagon faced toward Washington's camp. She did not care for the pleasures of the party.

At last, in a short time, the gray light of another morning would break over the Quaker City.

The red-coated guests and the handsome ladies were loath to go.

"Have you missed anything, General?" asked Priscilla while Howe was putting on his gloves.

"Why, no, my dear girl," was the reply. "It wouldn't be a wonder, though, if amid such beauty I should have lost my head."

"Then it is not as serious as all that," laughed the Tory's daughter. "You dropped something on the floor a little while ago and I was fortunate enough to pick it up."

At the same time the girl tendered the dispatch, which the General took with a stately bow.

"Ah, yes, that unimportant dispatch from the outposts!" exclaimed the King's General at sight of the paper. "I guess I might as well read it now."

He stepped aside and stood under one of the grand chandeliers. The girl watched him out of the corners of her blue eyes.

All at once she saw him start and some color left his face. The paper seemed to tremble in his hands.

In another moment he was confronting Colonel Simcoe, to whom he showed the dispatch.

"When did you get this, General?" asked the leader of the Queen's Rangers.

"It came some hours ago. We have had so many false alarms from the outer lines that I thrust it into my pocket, and afterward lost it. Mistress Priscilla, our host's lovely daughter, has just picked it up, and——"

"Thunderation!" cried Simcoe. "How unfortunate! If we could have known the truth at once we could have overhauled the young Rebels."

General Howe bit his lips with chagrin and looked away.

"I don't mind the loss of 'Tiger' Cunningham, but we can't afford to lose our best spy."

"Oh, I see," Simcoe exclaimed, "the old woman whom Major Mabson put out of the house a while ago must have come thither to confirm the dispatch."

"Who was she?" asked Howe.

"It was Mother Hawks. I shall saddle a squadron and pursue at once. Some accident may have overtaken the young Rebels. That's our only hope."

"Do so, and lose no time," commanded the General. "Heaven grant that you may not be too late."

Colonel Simcoe's hasty exit was not unobserved. He was seen to dash from the house by Miss Priscilla, and she tossed her head with a wicked little smile.

"Too late, my brave Colonel," said she under her breath. "The Minute Boys of Liberty have too much the start of you."

"Confound my piggishness!" exclaimed General Howe as he left the mansion. "Surely I'm not retiring from the command in a blaze of glory. I hope Simcoe will overtake the young rascals. I never heard of such coolness."

Early the next morning, as he was pacing The floor of his headquarters, Colonel Simcoe appeared at the entrance. Disappointment was written all over his face.

"Well, what report, Colonel?" cried Howe, springing forward.

"I failed to overtake the young scamps. If we had acted on the dispatch the moment it was delivered all would have gone well. My men rode like the wind, and——"

"What did you find out, anyhow?"

"A countryman told us that the boys passed his gate and that two men were concealed under the straw in the wagon."

"The King's curse on the heads of the young Rebels!" exclaimed General Howe. "Where did they get the wagon?"

"I'm sorry to say from Casimir, the blacksmith."

"What?" roared Howe. "I thought he was our friend?"

"So have I all the time."

"Arrest him at once. I'll adorn a tree with his carcass!"

"It is too late," smiled Simcoe. "Casimir has disappeared."

The British commander paled and strode from one end of the room to the other in moody silence.

"I wish I could remain here a while longer, just to hang those boys!" he cried, turning suddenly upon the Colonel. "If we have to fight all the youths of North America it is an endless job."

"That it is, General."

"Of course, Miss Priscilla gave me the dispatch as soon as she found it. Of that I am certain. She is as loyal to the King as her father."

"There's no doubt of that," and with this Colonel Simcoe went away.

An hour later Prudence, Priscilla's maid, entered Dorothy's home and handed her a sealed letter.

The young girl tore it open and read:

"Dearest Dorothy—Procrastination is the thief of time. His name is General Howe. I hope the Minute Boys of Liberty are safe with their prisoners. PRISCILLA."

Dorothy folded the note and looked smilingly at Prudence.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE DASH FOR LIBERTY.

While General Howe is fuming over his failure to capture the Minute Boys of Liberty let us retrace our steps and see what had happened to our young friends.

Aided by Casimir, the blacksmith, the boys determined to transport their two prisoners to the American camp, distant some miles. They realized the difficulties and dangers of the attempt, but this did not deter them.

Under cover of darkness they succeeded in taking Captain Cunningham and Peter Peeps from the cellar, whither they had been carried after their capture. Of course, the two captives protested in no mild terms, but Rodney and his companions were obdurate and at last, hidden underneath some straw in the bottom of Casimir's wagon, the journey through the city began.

"We are playing a deep game," remarked the young watchmaker to Tom. "If the British scent suspicion, we are in for it."

"Yes, and failure means Cunningham's whip," was the reply.

The little band took a roundabout way to get out of the Quaker City, which was well guarded by General Howe's troops. Casimir went ahead as a sort of scout to warn them of any danger that might impend.

As they turned into a lane-like street near the outskirts of the city they came upon a sentry. It seems that he had been indulging at a neighboring coffee-house when Casimir reached the spot, and the blacksmith had failed to see him. He loomed up between the boys and the stars like a giant in dark red.

Three of the boys hastily joined their captives under the straw, while Rodney and Tom occupied the front seat of the conveyance.

"Who goes there?" rang out the voice of the guard.

"Whoa!" cried Rodney, pulling up. "What the matter now, sir?"

"You can't pass the lines without a pass," was the reply. "You will have to show it before you can proceed."

"We're only going home," said the watchmaker. "We've been to the truck market and have tarried to see some friends. Uncle Tobias is just ahead."

At this moment the stalwart form of Casimir was seen approaching. The burly blacksmith had turned back.

"Here's Uncle Tobias!" cried Rodney, as Casimir came up. "He'll settle matters with you."

Taking in the situation at a glance and, being fertile in resources, Casimir strode boldly up.

"What's the matter, boys?" he cried, cheerily. "It's a pretty howdy-do when the King's friends have to be stopped at every street. What's the use of fetching good things to General Howe's table if this is to become an annoyance."

"Where's your pass?" asked the sentinel.

Casimir fumbled in his pockets.

"I've lost my wallet which contained my papers!" he said, dolorously. "Ten chances to one that the same fellow who picked General Knyphausen's pocket last week hasn't been working on me. What will I say to Aunt Eliza when I get home?"

"You won't fare very well with her, Uncle Tobias," answered Rodney, carrying out the deception.

The guard seemed to relent.

"I'm sorry," said he. "What have you got in the wagon?"

"Something that might make your lips smack," was the reply, and the clever blacksmith drew from under the straw a long-necked bottle, which he handed to the soldier.

"Here," said he, "you can drink in silence the health of our great King, George the Third."

The man grabbed at the bottle and put it to his lips.

"Long life to the King!" cried he.

"And confusion to the Rebel Washington!" put in Casimir with a smile.

"I'll let you go on this time, friend," the sentry said, smacking his lips as he waved his hand. "I hope I may be here when you come along again."

Once more the little band of heroes were safe.

In a short time the lights of the city were left behind, and the outposts of the British army were before them.

Casimir knew the way. In fact, every foot of ground about Philadelphia was known to him, and the boys were also familiar with the same.

The blacksmith averred that he knew the location of the several outposts and believed that he could guide the boys through the lines.

A by-road ran near one of the outposts and over it the wagon went.

Suddenly they ran a-foul of the greatest danger.

"Halt, there!" sang out the stern voice of a British sentry. He was so near that all the boys were now in sight. They did not have time to take shelter beneath the straw.

The danger was imminent.

The following moment the guard came forward, his keen eyes peering suspiciously at the outfit, and with every sense on the alert.

"You've got to submit to search," he said, addressing the blacksmith. "We've got orders to this effect, owing to certain Rebel escapades that have lately taken place within the lines."

Casimir put on a bold mien.

"Come and look, sir," said he. "You'll see that we're honest countrymen, and——"

"What about that passel of boys?"

"Oh, they've been seeing the town and the King's troops. I am letting them ride part of the way home."

"I don't more than half believe that," was the answer. "There were five boys in the mess the other night and there's just five of them on the wagon."

Nearer came the guard.

"Ho! what's this? Two pairs of boots sticking out from beneath your straw!"

The faces of the Minute Boys of Liberty went white and they looked blankly at Casimir.

The next instant, with a bound like that of a wild animal, the blacksmith threw himself upon the sentry and bore him back.

"Go on!" he cried to Rodney. "I'll take care of this interferer."

(Continued on page thirteen.)

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CHAPTER VIII.

THE NOISE OF BATTLE.

WHILE Professor Tyndall, chief of the ghost hunters, and his little military force, consisting of two men and one gun, were making plans to storm the fort-like house of the moonshiner, an unexpected ally was approaching.

After the storm Dorothy Tyndall and John Henderson made their way rapidly down the river toward the ferry.

They could hear the shouts of Professor Tyndall, who, like themselves, had heard the cry of the ghost, and were beating through the bottom forests toward them on the other side of the river.

Dorothy recognized her father's voice, or thought she did, but as they could not cross the river there was nothing to be done but make as much haste as possible to the ferry.

Here John loudly hailed the miller, and Pegleg Dodson came over for them in the ferry boat.

"We heard the noise of men shouting in the woods up the bottom, just a few minutes ago," said John.

"That must have been Professor Tyndall, an' Searcy, an' the Jap, lookin' f'r the young lady," said Pegleg.

"Well, they may get in trouble if they get too close to the Perkins house," said John, meaningly. "I will go up there and see if I can find them and tell them Miss Tyndall is safe."

"You have been to so much trouble on my account already," the girl said, "that I am sorry to see you go out again in the darkness, but—if my father is in danger——"

"Oh, he is not in danger, I guess, but he undoubtedly will be anxious. I will ride your pony, Pegleg, and thus reach them sooner."

They had crossed the river now, and were making their way to the little group of tents adjoining the mill.

Aunt Annabel and the maid servant came running to greet the lost girl, and the fat fortune teller panted behind them. While the women were making a fuss over Dorothy, John was taking the side saddle from the pony's back. Just as he mounted, Dorothy broke away from her aunt's embrace and ran up to John.

"I haven't had the opportunity of thanking you for your great service Mr. Henderson," she said rapidly. "Will you come back with father?"

"Perhaps," he said. "At any rate, I will see you again some time, not to be thanked, because what I have been fortunate enough to do is nothing in itself—I mean—the pleasure was mine—that is——"

As poor John stumbled in his confusion of words, without knowing how to finish his sentence he was saved further embarrassment by the sound of a rifle shot—somewhat distant but clear and unmistakable.

It was, in fact, the warning bullet which Old Dad Perkins fired over the head of the Tyndall party which had take refuge from the dogs and were perched on top of his chicken house.

"A gun shot!" exclaimed Dorothy.

"It came from the neighborhood of the Perkinses'," said Pegleg.

"It means nothing, probably, but I will go at once."

Even as he spoke John Henderson slapped the pony's side with the end of the reins and went galloping up the road.

"Where did you pick up that uncouth young man, Dorothy?" inquired Aunt Annabel.

"Oh, I got lost, and he brought me home, aunt; but he didn't strike me as being uncouth."

"The idea of a grown man going barefoot; he must be dreadfully poor. Did you pay him for acting as your guide, Dorothy?"

"No, Aunt Annabel."

"I reckon John Henderson don't want any pay," chuckled Pegleg. "He's—" and then it occurred to him sudenly that if John wanted to tell the rest he might tell it himself.

"He's what?" asked Dorothy.

"He's not very greedy after money, I mean," said Pegleg, evasively.

"Well, I should think he'd be glad enough to get a pair of shoes?" said Aunt Annabel, severely. "I can't understand how people can be so shiftless."

Whereat Pegleg chuckled again, but did not explain the cause of his laughter.

"Oh, I forgot to tell you, Aunt Annabel," exclaimed Dorothy. "We saw the ghost."

"You saw it; when? Where?"

"About a half hour ago."

"Was that when it screamed?"

"Yes."

"We heard the cry," said Aunt Annabel. "Mr. Dodson said it was the wail of the ghost. And you saw it? What did it look like?"

"It walked along the river bank below us, gliding noiselessly over the rocks. It was not more than a hundred feet away, but we could not make it out distinctly in the darkness."

"What did it do?"

"It walked out on a big rock which lies in the edge of the river. Then it raised its hands above its head and shrieked and jumped into the water."

"That's it—that's the way it allus does," said Pegleg. "I've saw it a hundred times."

"It is really remarkable. I think father has a better chance to get a genuine case than he ever has had. I know he will be delighted with it. Oh—listen!"

Dorothy's cry of alarm was occasioned by another rifle shot, followed by a whole volley.

"Bing, bing, bing-bing, bing!"

The shots came from the neighborhood of Perkins' cabin. It was, in fact, the moment when Professor Tyndall, having defied the old moonshiner, was shooting the dogs from his shelter in the chicken house, while Old Dad Perkins and the boys were firing from the house.

"Merciful heavens!" cried Aunt Annabel. "I know my brother is being killed."

She would have fallen, but Pegleg caught her, and carried her in the tent.

"Look after your aunt," he cried to Dorothy. "I'm going to see what's the matter."

He seized his own Winchester and ran to the stable as fast as his wooden leg would permit him to run. In a minute or two he was out with a saddled horse.

"Don't leave the tent till I come back," he cried. "You are safe, here."

He slapped the horse with his hat and the animal tore up the bottom road at a furious rate.

Aunt Annabel soon opened her eyes, and the four women clustered in the tent with pale faces and anxious hearts.

The firing by volleys had ceased, but they could still hear the sound of an occasional shot.

CHAPTER IX.

JOHN TO THE RESCUE.

Professor Tyndall's defiance was not quite so foolhardy as it seemed. Believing that his daughter was imprisoned in the cabin, he was justified in his refusal to go away, and his conduct proved that the doughty old ghost hunter was brave to the point of recklessness, if he thought his cause was righteous.

Tearing the hole in the roof of the henhouse was a good stroke of strategy. It enabled himself and friends to hide behind the log walls of the pen and be reasonably safe from the bullets that came from the house. It was easy enough to kill and drive away the dogs, and when this was done he decided to shift the base of operations.

Forunately the door of the henhouse opened on the side next to the corncrib, and opposite the cabin. Opening this door he was able to creep out on his hands and knees and get away, keeping the chicken pen, as a shelter between himself and the house.

Not even Jim Perkins, who, as the girl said, had eyes like a cat and could see in the dark and "never missed"—not even Jim could get a chance for a shot at the three men who crawled out in the henhouse like reptiles and then dodged behind the corncrib.

An occasional bullet was coming from the house, burying itself harmlessly in the legs of the chicken pen. Professor Tyndall was firing no more. He had exhausted about half the cartridges in the magazine of his gun, and he must save the rest for use in case of emergency where they would count.

He no longer thought it worth while to consult with his assistants. Searcy was in a blue funk of fright, and the Jap, though his oriental fatalism would never let him fear anything, was helpless enough in this kind of guerrilla warfare.

"Now this is the plan," said Professor Tyndall. "There are doubtless only two doors in the house—a front and a back one. If they attempt to remove Dorothy to a safer place than this they must bring her out through one door or the other. Do you understand that?"

"Why certainly," quavered Searcy. The Jap disdained a reply. The question was an insult to his intelligence.

"You will remain here, Searcy, and watch the back door, while Matsu will go around the house and station himself in some sheltered place which commands the front gate. If they try to escape either way you will give the alarm and then follow them to see where they go."

"And you?"

"I," said Professor Tyndall, sturdily, "will wait till they have quieted down somewhat, and then I will try to get in the house through a window, or down the chimney—whichever way presents itself. Find out if Dorothy is there and then rescue her if possible. I will keep the gun."

Searcy tried to explain how hopeless and dangerous this plan was, but the elder man silenced him.

"Go, Matsu," he commanded.

The Jap dodged into the corn and disappeared. They could hear no noise, but they knew he was describing a circle and would soon be in front of the house.

"Now, you remain here," commanded Tyndall, who disappeared in the darkness. The wretched Searcy was afraid to run away and afraid to stay where he was. He flattened himself against the corncrib, scarcely daring to breathe.

Fortunately, before Professor Tyndall could carry out his plan of breaking into the house, John Henderson arrived. The galloping feet of his pony could be heard long before he drew rein at the front gate.

The shots had ceased. The house was wrapped in silence and darkness.

"Hello! hello!" he shouted.

"Hello, Dad," he called. "Hello, Bud, what's the matter?"

"Who is it?" asked a cautious voice from the house.

"It is John Henderson. I heard a lot of firing up this way. What's the matter?"

"The devil's to pay," said Old Dad Perkins.

"I'm coming in," said John.

"Be keerful," called out a woman's voice. "Be keerful, John! There's three men in the chicken coop, and they have got guns."

"Is it Professor Tyndall?" he asked.

"I reckon that's him. It's some old feller lookin' fer his gal. He thinks we've got her here in the house."

"Oh, Professor Tyndall! Professor Tyndall!" called John in a loud voice.

"Well, I'm here," responded a voice from somewhere in the darkness.

"Your daughter is safe in the camp by the mill. I have just taken her home. She is well. Nothing has happened to her. Do you understand?"

"Are you the John Henderson I wrote to from Chicago?"

"The same John Henderson. You are crazy to think the Perkins would try to harm your daughter. There isn't one of them that wouldn't protect a helpless woman with his life."

"Well, why wouldn't they let me come in the house, then?" demanded the ghost hunter.

"They've got a right to refuse their house to strangers after night fall, haven't they? Have any of the members of your party been hurt?"

"Nobody hurt, so far, I take it. We have killed a few dogs."

"If they've killed my dogs I'll kill 'em, every one of 'em," cried Bud Perkins from the house.

"No you won't, Bud," said John Henderson sternly. "There's been enough of this foolishness. Let everybody put up his gun, now. You, Professor Tyndall, bring your friends with you and come out here to the front gate. I'll show you the way home. There's to be no more shooting. Is that understood?"

"Yes," said Professor Tyndall.

"All right," said Dad Perkins.

"Come on, Searcy. Come on, Matsu," cried the professor. "The war is over. Meet me at the front gate."

When the three men assembled at John Henderson's side he looked them over with something like disgust.

"You people oughtn't to be let run at large without a guardian," he said. "It's heaven's blessing that you weren't killed—attacking a man's house like this at night. You would better hurry on home, now. Your

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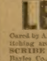

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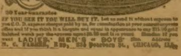

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Plans of the naughty should always come to naught.

A hat is still a hat, even when it becomes a woman.

Marriage is always romantic—until you are married.

You can't depend on a fast clock or a fast young man.

Hypocrites act as advance agents for his satanic majesty.

Imitation of another is confessed, limitation of one's self.

We don't blame a man for kicking when he is called mulish.

The stomach of a man who lives by his wits has many surprises.

The rooster makes a lot of noise, but the old hen delivers the goods.

As a man's income increases he begins to make a noise in the world.

Some people expect one day's charity to atone for six days' robbery.

Some people manufacture groans for the purpose of exciting sympathy.

It takes a woman to make people believe she is happy when she isn't.

The man who is honest with himself gives his fellow man a square deal.

When a small boy says he likes to go to school it is time to investigate.

When it is disguised as lemonade we don't mind being handed a lemon.

No man who is ashamed of his past can afford to become a candidate for office.

Water and oil will not mix—and the same may be said of water and some men.

It would take more than an alarm clock to make some people rise to the occasion.

It's easy for a man to love his neighbor as himself—if she is young, good looking and rich.

It is well to make the most of your opportunities, but don't look upon friends as opportunities.

It takes a woman to fuss with a railroad agent because she purchases a ticket to the wrong town.

Some men eat food at a restaurant that they wouldn't touch if it was served to them at home.

A man never realizes just how unimportant he really is until he has a son old enough to cast his first vote.

Occasionally justice smites a man with a heavy hand, but more often he is merely kept under his wife's thumb.

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(Continued from page five.)

women folks have heard the firing, and they are frightened."

"You are right, Mr. Henderson. We will hurry on home. How far is the mill from here?"

"It is less than three-quarters of a mile. Shall I let you ride this pony?"

"No, I thank you. I prefer to walk."

"I will go with you, then," said John. He dismounted, and hung the bridle rein over his arm.

"Hello, Dad!" he called. "I am going to see Professor Tyndall safe to the mill. Then I will come back to see you."

"All right. You're allus welcome, John."

"Have you had your supper, John?" called a woman's voice.

"Not tonight, Sis," he responded. "But you needn't bother cooking me anything."

But he knew that Sis would have his supper ready when he returned. Before the party had gone a hundred yards they met Pegleg, still whipping his horse with his hat.

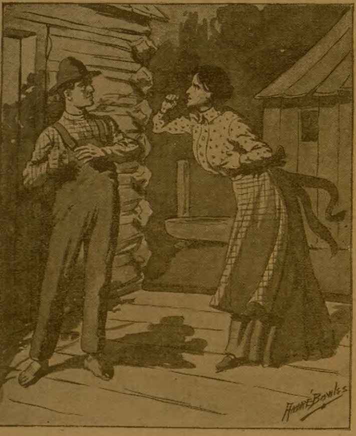
"Everything's all right, Pegleg," said John. "There's been a lot of good powder wasted, and nobody hurt. You can see these people back safely to the mill. I will keep your horse to ride home on, and bring him back tomorrow, if you don't mind."

"All right, John," said the miller.

CHAPTER X.
IN THE CABIN.

Old Dad Perkins and his son Jim were seated in front of the fireplace. Bud was out looking after his killed and wounded dogs.

The old man greeted John Henderson with a sober but cordial "howdy," and the latter drew a chair up to the hearth and laughed a little as he said:



"I hate her! I hate her!"

"Well, of all the funny things that ever happened, I don't know how you could beat this little war you've had here tonight."

Jim grinned.

"It does seem sorter funny," he admitted.

"Who is this here fool perfessor?" asked the old man.

"He's a big man, Dad. He's a ghost hunter, who calls himself a psychical researcher. I've heard of him a lot of times. He travels all over the world to investigate spirits, spooks, and other occult manifestations."

"Don't use sich big words, John. Dad blame it, talk Arkansaw."

"The professor has heard of our ghost. He has come down here to look it up and find out whether it's a real one or a fraud."

"He'd better let it alone," growled the old man.

"Well, he won't let it alone, dad." John Henderson looked at the old moonshiner keenly. "That is what I wanted to say to you. You know I've never interfered with you; never tried to find out all you are doing, because I didn't want to know. But you can write it down in your little book that the haunted side of the river is going to be investigated thoroughly. Every crook and cranny and cave will be searched in a truly scientific manner—and the secret of the ghost, if it has any secret, will be discovered."

"You ain't a doubtin' of the ghost, John?"

"I was brought up to believe in that ghost, Dad. I've never thought about doubting its existence when I was a boy. But for the last few years I've wondered a little. Now, I'm glad to see it investigated by a real authority in such matters."

Perkins looked gloomily at the hearth for a time. Then he said:

"I reckon it's not safe to monkey with that ghost. Somethin' sudden an' fatal like's liable to happen to anybody that goes nosin' around there. The ghost is apt to git mad an' bite 'em."

"There isn't going to be any danger to Professor Tyndall and his party, Dad. I want you to understand that distinctly. As I said, he's a big man, and there are powerful influences behind him. Once when he was investigating an apparition in a little island on the other side of the world the natives captured him and were going to made a meal out of him. Do you know what happened? The United States sent a gunboat there and landed a company of marines and they brought the King of that cannibal island to his knees in about two minutes."

"Gee, I'd liked to a been there!" exclaimed Jim.

"And once in India when the professor was in a temple, disguised as a native in his efforts to discover the secrets of some Llama, or Yogi, or something of that sort, the priests got hold of him and were going to bury him alive. The alarm was sent out, and the President at Washington sent a hot cable to the King of England and the whole British empire got busy rescuing that old ghost hunter."

"Well, John," said the old man meaningly, "if he tries to monkey around in these hills where he's got no business he'll not need any gov'ment gunboat er British empire to rescue him. He'll need a undertaker. That's all he'll need."

"You're wrong again, Dad, and I'll tell you why. I'm going to help him hunt this ghost, and if anything happens to him there'll be a reckoning with me. And you know me, Dad."

The old man turned his head and gazed in sorrow and amazement at the young man who spoke with so much quiet determination. It was a tense moment. Jim held his breath and waited. All three were so preoccupied that they did not notice that the door from the kitchen was open and that Sis Perkins stood there looking at them.

"You don't mean to say, John, that you'd turn agin your own people f'r this dad blamed furriner?"

"Yes, Dad; in this case I'm against you, and for the professor. That's what I'm trying to get into your head. If you can understand it, and that I mean it, it may save a lot of trouble. You must not forget that this is my grandmother's ghost, and that it haunts my land. It's me you've got to deal with, not these 'furriners.'"

"I'd a never believed it of you—that you'd turn spy, and——"

"That's enough, Dad. Now listen here!"

John Henderson's eyes gleamed like cold steel, his voice was like ice as he turned to the old man:

"Everybody in this neighborhood knows that you have a still somewhere in the hills, and that you're making liquor without paying the revenue. Now, I don't care a hang for that. I'm not enforcing the revenue laws. But if these ghost hunters, in their search are likely to run into your still, you'd better clear out. That's all. I don't think Professor Tyndall would inform on you, but I can't guarantee it. He may think he owes a duty to society."

He paused a moment, but there was no word from his listeners, then he went on:

"I'll hold up this investigation for four days. By that time you must be prepared for the search or take the consequences."

"I don't know why I don't kill you, right now," said Old Dad Perkins, his face gray with passion.

"Because you know I'm right, Dad, and you are wrong. It's my advice that you cut out this moonshining business altogether. How much would you lose if you wiped the still off the face of the earth?"

The old man refused to reply. But Jim spoke up:

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"Then I'll tell you what I'll do, Dad, just to show you that I can see where your sense of justice makes you think you have some right on your side, I'll buy the whole contraption. I'll pay you fifteen hundred dollars in cash, and you can burn the still up, or throw it in the river. All you need to do is to promise me that you'll never make another drop of liquor. Then we'll forget the whole transaction and be friends again."

He arose and laid his hand on the old man's shoulder.

"I'd hate to think that there was any enmity between us, Dad."

Perkins shook his shoulder loose from the friendly grasp.

"I won't have none of your dirty money, damn you," he said. "An' between you an' me there'll never be no more friendship as long as I live. If you ever darken my door again I'll shoot you down like a dawg."

"All right, Dad. That's a fair warning. But don't you forget that what I said goes. You've got four days to clean up. Then if anything happens to Professor Tyndall or any of his party—if even a hair of their heads is harmed—you'll pay me. Good-by."

He turned his face toward the kitchen door, but it was closed and he saw no sign of Sis. He believed she was in there cooking his supper, and perhaps he would have liked to tell her good-by. He hesitated a moment and then made his way out of the door.

When he reached the gate he found Sis standing there. She was weeping.

"Never mind, little girl," he said. "Dad will think better of it, I hope."

"This here girl—the perfesser's daughter—have you seen her, John?"

"Yes; she missed her way and I met her over on the Beavers road. I showed her the way back to the ferry. We came the short cut through the haunted bottom."

"Oh!"

"Don't you worry about things, Sis. Your father will be better off if he is made to quit. Sometime or other the revenue officers would have got him, any way. He'll get over his mad spell after awhile."

"Is she purty, John?"

"Who? Oh, Miss Tyndall? Why, I guess you'd call her good looking."

"And you're on her side and against us?"

"I'm never against you, Sis," he said, laying his hand on her shoulder. "We've been friends ever since you were a little tad and I carried you around in my arms."

"Then why are you so anxious to protect her father? It's on her account, I know it is. I hate her! I hate you!" She seized his hand and threw it fiercely away. "I'll kill her, you see if I don't!"

"You don't know what you are saying, Sis."

"Go 'way f'm here! I don't never want to see you no more, John Henderson!"

He turned away sadly.

"I seem to be losing all my best friends tonight, Sis," he said, as he swung himself on the pony. "Good-by."

Her face was buried in her apron, and she would not look at him, as he rode slowly away.

But when his pony vanished among the trees she flung out her arms.

"Oh, John, John! Come back to me!" she cried.

But if he heard he did not heed.

The continuation of this extremely interesting story will be found in the Ledger issue of next week. It leads to very strange and fascinating situations. Read it. If you are not a regular subscriber to the Ledger we would like to have your name on our list. The Ledger is only $1.00 per year.

Esther, the Mountain Beauty

(Continued from page three.)

taineer's daughter or relinquish once and for all the prospect of being his uncle's heir. It was madness to hope that Decatur Beverley would pardon on his part that which he would not forgive in his own daughter.

Harold did not feel inclined to join his uncle, so he opened one of the long French windows and passed out upon the portico.

Beverley Manor, the homestead of the Beverleys for several centuries, was a splendid old colonial mansion situated on the valley turnpike a few miles from Winchester.

Harold began pacing up and down the great wide portico that extended across the entire front of the house.

The moon was shining brightly and a thrill of pain went through his heart as he remembered how lovely Esther Dorn had looked the night previous in the silvery light as they lingered for a little while at the gate of the log house on the mountain.

"She is so beautiful and I love her! How can I give her up?" he murmured, miserably. Then he remembered John Byrd's words, "If you marry Esther Dorn you will commit a piece of folly that you may spend the rest of your life in regretting." And he felt that these words were only too true.

He loved Beverley Manor, this stately home of his ancestors, and the thought of being banished from it forever was fraught with agony. He asked himself that even if he were to give up everything for Esther Dorn would it be for their happiness, after all? She was beautiful and good and loving, but there could be little congeniality between two persons so unlike in every way. He thought of his cousin's sad fate and wondered if she had regretted her ill-starred marriage and died of a broken heart.

"Esther is very young," he reasoned, "she will soon forget me and marry some one in her own station in life." He set his teeth and tried to suppress the pang that came with the thought. He had resolved to put Esther Dorn from his life, but the thought of her belonging to another was intolerable. "I cannot marry her," he moaned. "The mere thought is madness. I have been living in a dream for the past month, but the dream is ended."

CHAPTER V.

A PRIDE MORE CRUEL THAN HATE.

It was very cold on the mountain.

A great fire of pine logs was blazing in the fireplace in the livingroom of the log house, lighting up the lovely, pale face and gold-colored hair of Esther Dorn as she sat on the bearskin and gazed with sad eyes into the leaping flames.

Hite Dorn, coming very quietly into the room, stood looking at his daughter for a few moments with an expression in his eyes in which pain and rage were mingled. During the six weeks which had passed since Harold Warren went away the girl had greatly changed. She had grown thin and pale, the brown eyes wistful and very sad.

"Curse him!" murmured Hite Dorn, savagely, as he stood looking down upon the girl's changed face. "She was light-hearted and happy until that cursed aristocrat came and spoiled her life. He'll never come back. He's done repented of havin' asked Hite Dorn's daughter to be his wife."

He sighed heavily, stood for a moment longer in deep thought, then moved forward toward the girl.

She sprang to her feet, an eager look in her eyes, her pale cheeks flushing. A pang went through Hite Dorn's stout heart. He had seen that look upon her face so often and knew so well what it meant.

"Was—was there a letter, dad?" the girl asked, almost breathlessly.

Hite Dorn shook his head and turned away his eyes that he might not see the flush and the hope die out of her face as he replied:

"No, honey, thar warn't no letter."

She turned wearily back to the fire.

"I reckon he thinks it ain't no use to write to me," she said, hopelessly, and with a touch of bitterness that had never until then marred the gentle sweetness of her voice, "for he knows I couldn't read the letter."

Hite Dorn started as though he had been stung. He lifted his hand dazedly to his brow and stared silently at the girl for a moment.

"My little gal," he said, brokenly, "if I've done ye wrong may the good Lord fo'give me." He hesitated a moment while a sigh, that was half a moan, heaved his great chest, then he went on, "Honey, yo' ole dad's nothin' but an ignorant mountaineer, but yo' mother was as fine a lady as thar be in the land, and the blood in her veins was as pure and fine as that flowin' in the veins of him as thinks you ain't good enough fo' to be his wife."

The girl turned slowly and stared at him wonderingly, dazedly.

"I—I don't understand, daddy," she murmured.

Hite Dorn sat down on the settle and drew her on his knee.

"Listen, honey, while I tell ye what I never reckoned on tellin' ye in this world," he said, gently. He paused again, sighed, and then continued, "Yes, yo' mother war a fine lady, and it's from her you gits yo' delicate beauty and dainty ways. She was the only child of a rich man, she had the bluest blood in her veins, she was highly edicated, she was beautiful, and, yet, she loved—me. Ay, loved me so well that she gave up everything, father, wealth, position, luxury, to marry me. Only God knows how dearly I loved her, but if it war to do over ag'in, I think I'd have the strength fo' to refuse the sacrifice, fo'," his voice faltered a little, "she done gave me her life, too."

He paused, and his head dropped on his chest. The girl was staring at him with wide, wondering eyes, her lips parted and tremulous.

"Go on, dad," she cried, with an impatience rare in her. "Do go on."

"It's hard to tell it even to you, my little gal," Hite Dorn continued, with an effort, "fo', though it's been a good many years ago the pain of it ain't the less keen and bitter. Yo' mother and me went to Winchester and war married. 'My father'll fo'give me onet it's done,' she said. 'I am his only child and he loves me so dearly. He must fo'give me and accept you as my husband.' And I done believed that it would be as she thought, fo' I had yet to learn that thar's a pride that's stronger than all else in the world, stronger than love, more cruel than hate. That war the kind of pride he had, yo' mother's father. He tu'ned yo' mother outen his house when she told what she'd done, and told her he never wanted to see her face on earth ag'in."

"Oh, what a cruel, wicked man!" cried the girl, passionately.

"Cruel! ay, but not wicked as his world looks on wickedness. Let me get over tellin' the rest of it as quick as I can. It ain't easy to put into words the thoughts that tears yo' heart. I took my wife to the po' home what war the best I could give her, and fo' a leetle while we war very happy. But it couldn't last, it warn't to be expected that it could last. Yo' mother warn't made fo' poverty, hardship and privation, and it warn't long befo' she began to pine and droop. She tried hard to b'ar up, fo' this heah blue blood what often makes men cowardly and cruel, it 'pears like makes the women of rare courage. But yo' mother, child, war like some delicate flower taken from a hothouse into the bleak cold of a winter day, and, like that flower, she drooped and faded. Day arter day I watched in silent agony how she got paler, weaker, frailer. I would have gone to him—her father—and begged him on my knees fo' the money that might save her, or, in my despair and desperation, I would have given her back to him, but she wouldn't let me make no appeal to him. 'It wouldn't be no use,' she said. He had done told her she was dead to him. And then she laid her head on my breast and whispered that even if he would fo'give her, it war too late. A few weeks later you war bo'n, honey, and yo' mother—died."

The girl slipped to her knees beside him and put her arms about his neck.

"Poor daddy!" she murmured. "Poor daddy!"

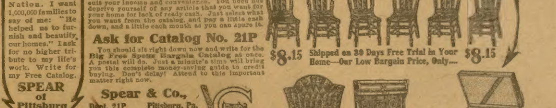
Hite Dorn smoothed tenderly her glittering hair for a moment, then continued:

"I sent her father word that his daughter war dead, but I said nothin' about you. You war mine, the only thing left me of her, and I jest couldn't b'ar the thought of anythin' ever comin' fo' to part us. I built this heah house on the mountain and come heah to live. I never intended fo' you to know that you war anything mo' than jest the daughter of Hite Dorn, the mountaineer. Then he come. You war happy and contented befo' he come, but arter that it war all changed. I've watched how you pined and fretted sence he went away, and today, as I stood thar watchin' you as you set befo' the fire, it seemed to me thar war a look in yo' face like thar war in yo' mother's when she begun to fade and droop."

His great arms closed tightly about the girl's slim form and he drew a deep breath, that was like a sigh of pain.

"I couldn't keep silent and see you go like yo' mother, my leetle gal," he said, after a moment. "He won't never come back to marry the mountaineer's daughter, but when he knows yo' mother had the bluest blood in Virginia in her veins, why——" he paused as he felt the girl start and quiver through all her slender form. He lifted her face and looked down upon it, all flushed and radiant, and a sad smile crossed his lips.

(Continued on page fourteen.)



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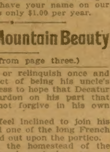

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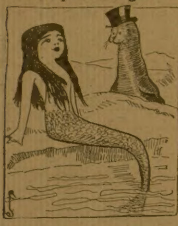

Miriam Mermaid—Isn't it funny Mr. Fish never writes to any one?

Sammy Sealion—He says he just can't bear that expression, "Drop us a line."

AFTER VACATION TIME.

Oh, when the fall winds start to blow
And pocketbooks are flat,
What a relief to us when broke
If we could find a place to "soak"—
Our faded, frizzled old straw hat.

Fixed Scales.

Rodrick—How in the deuce did you get that ten-pound bass to weigh twenty-five pounds?

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Employment Agent—I think I can, ma'am. I know of one who has had five husbands, and doesn't want any more.

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They're certainly a blunder;
For when we pay our debts to her
She makes us all go under.

Nothing Doing.

Lady of the House—Will you chuck that cord of wood in the cellar?

The Tramp (haughtily)—Madam, I may be a beast, but I ain't no wood chuck.

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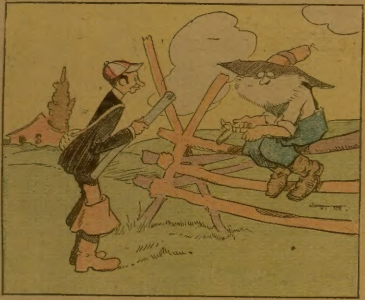
Then life instanter for the pair
Becomes a grand, sweet song.

But when she sues him for divorce
A dreadful change we see,
Then married life becomes perforce
A "plaintiff" melody.

LEARNING.



Fisherman— Any fly fishin' hereabouts?

Farmer—Well, I'll be hanged! I've heard of fishin' fer sponges an' fishin' fer pearls, but fishin' fer flies is a new one on yer Uncle Silas.

True to Life.

Gunner—Did you see the new suburban drama? They have real vegetables and real chickens in the second act.

Guyer—Is it realistic?

Gunner—I should say so. The chickens go to the next neighbor's and eat the vegetables instead of eating those in their owner's garden.

A Severe Remedy.

Miss Comins (sniffing as she enters Mrs. Kayper's flat)—Goodness! I thought you detested the smell of onions.

Mrs. Kaypers—So I do; but the woman in the flat above me detests the smell more than I do and I want her to move.

Too True.

Dick—Do you know that the old duffer who has just gone up the street had the impudence to tell me that if I hadn't spent my money for beer I might be owning a brick house?

Mick—What did you say?

Dick—I reminded him that ye can't drink brick houses.

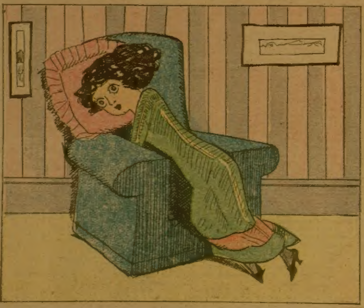
His Fatal Error.

Fred—I made the mistake of my life two years ago. I turned down a leap-year proposal because the girl couldn't cook.

Joe—Where did the mistake come in?

Fred—Later I discovered that she had money enough to enable us to board.

LITTLE MISS INNOCENCE.



"Here I go and fall in a faint to give the fool man a chance to catch me, and then he goes running for the doctor!"

His Musical Ear.

One evening at the opera a man, from the country evidently, seemed very restless and constantly consulted his program. He was much agitated and not much accustomed to address strangers.

Finally his curiosity got the better of him, and, turning to the man sitting next to him, he said: "Excuse me, but can you tell me have they begun to play Wagner or are they just tuning their fiddles?"

Not by an Alien.

It was a little Cleveland boy, American born, who rebelled fiercely when his Italian father whipped him for some misdemeanor.

"But, Tony, your father has a right to whip you when you are naughty," said his teacher, in an effort to uphold parental authority. Tony's big eyes flashed.

"I'm a citizen of the United States," he declared. "Do you think I'm going to let any foreigner lick me?"

PUZZLER

Hard Work, Sometimes, to Raise Children

Children's taste is ofttimes more accurate, in selecting the right kind of food to fit the body, than that of adults. Nature works more accurately through the children.

A Brooklyn lady says: "Our little boy had long been troubled with weak digestion. We could never persuade him to take more than one taste of any kind of cereal food. He was a weak little chap and we were puzzled to know what to feed him on.

"One lucky day we tried Grape-Nuts. Well, you never saw a child eat with such a relish, and it did me good to see him. From that day on it seemed as though we could almost see him grow. He would eat Grape-Nuts for breakfast and supper, and I think he would have liked the food for dinner.

"The difference in his appearance is something wonderful.

"My husband had never fancied cereal foods of any kind, but he became very fond of Grape-Nuts and has been much improved in health since using it.

"We are now a healthy family and naturally believe in Grape-Nuts.

"A friend has two children who were formerly afflicted with rickets. I was satisfied that the disease was caused by lack of proper nourishment. They showed it. So I urged her to use Grape-Nuts as an experiment and the result was almost magical.

"They continued the food and today both children are well and strong as any children in this city, and, of course, my friend is a firm believer in Grape-Nuts, for she has the evidence before her eyes every day."

Read "The Road to Wellville," found in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

Bright Man.

Parlins (a resident)—That man we just passed is the one that made this town famous by an axiom he uttered during an afternoon speech.

Titcomb (a stranger)—Is that so? What was the axiom?

Parlins—A lie in the heart of a conscientious man is like a boiled-cabbage dinner in the stomach of a dyspeptic.

Doctors' Prescriptions.

It has been proved over and over again that the doctors of this country freely prescribe proprietary medicines in Latin for their patients until they are advertised to the public, after which time they consider it a duty to immediately condemn the very same medicine, not because the preparation is any less valuable, but because it is not "ethical" to prescribe an advertised medicine. There are, however, many physicians of recognized standing broad-minded and successful enough to continue to prescribe such standard remedies as Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, which they know to be good.

A Moving Picture.

She—I remember one picture that brought tears to my eyes.

Artist—A pathetic subject, I presume?

She—No, it was a fruit painting. I was sitting close under it when it dropped on my head.

Would Rockefeller Give $1,000,000?

Yes, he would likely give that amount and more too, for a little booklet which we publish, if he had consumption and did not know of the vital information contained in this wonderful little book. Every consumptive should have a copy. We will send it postpaid for ten cents. If you don't say it's worth $100.00 we will send you twenty-five cents for your trouble. Address Nature's Creation Co., Dept. B, Columbus, Ohio

Only Way.

First Legislator—Isn't there anything we can do to stop the use of cigarettes?

Second Legislator—Well, we might pass a law compelling the makers to give the picture of a user with each pack.

FREE DEAFNESS TREATMENT.

A remarkable offer made by one of the leading specialists who offers FREE TRIAL MEDICINES to all applying at once. His new treatment has cured scores of chronic cases of deafness, catarrh, head noises and asthma in their homes, after other treatments failed to benefit. Send no money. Address G. M. Branaman, M. D., 12 Gumbel Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

Confession.

Dolly—Have you noticed the exquisite brand of face powder Lucy uses?

Dick—Er—yes, it is the finest I ever got on my coat sleeve.

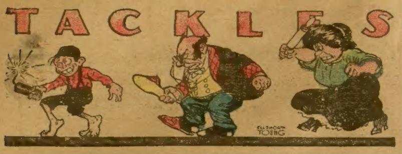
Do You Want to Sell Your Farm?

I want information immediately about a good grain or stock farm for sale. There is a good buyer waiting for it, willing to pay your price. Write me at once for full particulars. Address Arthur Capper, Dept. 164, Topeka, Kansas.

He Knew.

Earlie—What are the sun spots, pa?

His Pa—Sun spots, my son, are blistering, tireless summer resorts advertised in the folders as "garden spots."



Shavian Wit.

Bernard Shaw, although a vegetarian himself, does not fail to see the possibility of humor in the practice. Presiding recently at a meeting he was called upon to introduce Sir Edward Lyon, who confines his diet to nuts.

"And now," said Mr. Shaw, "I present to you Sir Edward Lyon, he of the earth, earthy and of the nuts, nutty."

Pointed.

The Chappy—Yes, although it is blooming monotonous I turn in every night at 9 o'clock sharp.

Miss Tabasco—How do you manage it?

The Chappy—Manage what?

Miss Tabasco—Why, to turn in sharp after being so dull.

Best He Could Do.

"What," queried the millionaire parent of the callow youth, "will it cost to educate my boy?"

"That," replied the college president, after carefully sizing up the boy, "is a question I cannot answer. But I can put him through college for about $3,000."

Proper Term.

Tellit—Chinkley, the bank cashier, was arrested this morning for embezzlement.

Harmon—Ah, another good man gone wrong.

Tellit—No, another bad man just found out.

He Had It.

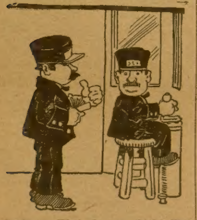
Dr. Emmdee—Your husband has very little pulse today.

Mrs. Rastus Johnson—Yes, but doan yo' remember you don took his pulse when yo' was heah yestiddy?

AT THE BEACH.

She came down here to rest, she says.
She never swims or walks;
But talks, and talks, and talks, and talks,
And talks, and talks, and talks.

Beats Sherlock Holmes.



Conductor—What do you think? That woman that left the car at 14th street didn't get off backward.

Motorman—Say, Bill, I thought all the time that that was a man in disguise.

What One Man Could Do.

"That friend of yours from southern Ohio seems to have a mighty good opinion of himself."

"He surely has. Last night he gave me to understand that if he had stayed at home Cincinnati wouldn't have been passed in the census race by Detroit and Buffalo."

Every Lady Read This.

Years ago when I was a sufferer, an old nurse told me of a wonderful cure for Leucorrhœa, Displacements, Painful Periods, Uterine and Ovarian troubles. It cured me in one month. It is a simple, harmless lotion that can be prepared by any one having the recipe. I will send it free to every suffering sister who writes to me. Address Mrs. A. Hudnut South Bend, Indiana.

Overworking It.

Seymour—That Mrs. Gusher is certainly a fast talker.

Ashley—You're right, she is. Have you ever seen her talking into a telephone?

Seymour—No.

Ashley—Well, sir, she fairly makes the instrument perspire.

TOO MUCH KNEELING.

Along the beach the chappies stand
With fancy canes and towsers,
Some bag a handsome heiress and
Some merely bag their trousers.

LADIES, PRESERVE YOUR YOUTHFUL APPEARANCE.

Madame Mignette's Beauty Cream and Skin Food removes every defect, spot, freckle, pimple, blemish or wrinkle, leaving the skin soft, clear and smooth. It is perfectly harmless and will not injure the most delicate skin. It preserves and brings back the youthful glow to the face and ruddiness to the cheeks, preserving it in this condition until extreme old age. This preparation has been used for years and hundreds are now using it and are more than delighted with the results. Send us ten (10) cents for formula which you can have filled at any drug store at a very small cost. Do not delay, but write at once. Box 491, Blairsville, Pa.

Hard to Judge.

"I observe that you have cut the funny stories out of your speeches."

"Yes," replied Senator Sorghum. "The applause for a funny story is often misleading. Instead of indorsing your argument the audience may be merely expressing its appreciation of free vaudeville."

A Long Journey.

"How large is the apartment house you live in?"

"Well, I don't remember the exact dimensions," replied Mr. Flatson; "but it's so big that when we asked the janitor for heat on Sunday morning steam did not get around to the radiator till the next Thursday."

Too Literal.

Marie—A rude fellow on the street blew cigar smoke in my face.

Jack—Why didn't you kick?

Marie—I couldn't. I had on my hobble skirt.

Roasted.

Boreleigh—I have a family tree, you know.

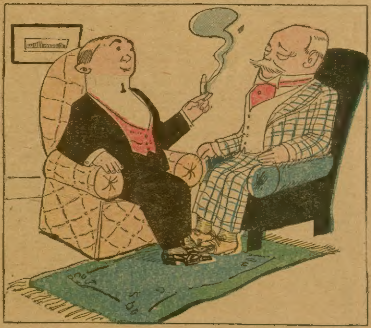
Miss Keen—Is that where you get your chestnuts, Mr. Boreleigh?

An Accident.

Boreleigh—Ah, good morning, Wigwag. How do I find you this morning?

Wigwag—Your finding me this morning was purely accidental, I assure you.

THE RULING PASSION.



"Now, Jack, I should like you to tell me what is really the height of your ambition."
"Can't say exactly, but about up to my shoulder, I think, Uncle."

His New Point of View.

Brother Harry—What a pretty girl that Miss Holmser is!

Sister Bess—Do you really think so? I never heard you praise her beauty before.

Brother Harry—Well, to tell the truth, I never knew till last night that she had money.

Where Man Would Be.

The suffragist raised her right hand.

"Give the woman the credit she deserves," she cried, "and where would man be?"

"If she got all the credit she wanted he'd be in the workhouse," sneered a nasty person in the rear of the hall.

Haughty Cook.

"My dear, will you kindly ask that haughty cook of ours to stew some tripe I brought home? I haven't the nerve."

"Where is the tripe?"

"She's looking at it now through her lorgnette."

Vacation Troubles.

"Did you do much fishing on your vacation?"

"No; every time we had minnows for bait the wind was too strong to go fishing, and every time there wasn't any wind to interfere we didn't have any bait."

He Had.

"Papa, did you ever see a little bird with a big bill?"

"Yes, my son; I once ordered a quail on toast at a fashionable restaurant."

Suspicious.

"I suppose your friend Rogers enjoyed his vacation?"

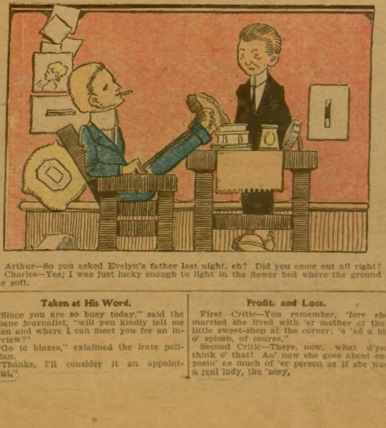
"I think not. He boasts about it too much."

Pa's Idea of It.

Little Willie—Say, pa, what is pride?

Pa—Pride, my son, is walking with a gold-headed cane when you are not lame.

SUCCESSFUL.



Arthur—So you asked Evelyn's father last night, eh? Did you come out all right?
Charles—Yes; I was just lucky enough to light in the flower bed where the ground was soft.

Taken at His Word.

"Since you are so busy today," said the urbane journalist, "will you kindly tell me when and where I can meet you for an interview?"

"Go to blazes," exlaimed the irate politician.

"Thanks. I'll consider it an appointment."

Profit and Loss.

First Critic—You remember, 'fore she married she lived with 'er mother at that little sweet-shop at the corner; 'e 'ad a bit o' splosh, of course."

Second Critic—There, now, what d'yer think o' that! An' now she goes about exposin' as much of 'er person as if she was a real lady, the 'ussy.

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Over 30 combinations. Made of fine tool steel. Positive guarantee with each kit. Small—weighs less than 3 lbs. Blue handles, plain box $3.50. In chests $3.75 and $4. Nickel finish 50c. extra.
Attractive proposition to high grade representatives. Free samples furnished. Currier-Koeth Mfg. Co. Dept. 24 Coudersport, Pa.

AGENTS WANTED to sell pocket knives with name and photo on handle; write for terms. Morris Cutlery Co., Morris, Ill., P.O. Box A

AGENTS: 100% PROFIT. Monkey-Wrench Plumbers Pliers, with 13 other tools combined. Best wonderful combination of tools ever made. Lightning seller. Sample free for examination. Forshee Co., B.1209, Dayton, O.

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MEN WANTED in every locality in the United States to make $20 per week and $3 per day expenses advertising our goods, posting up show cards in all conspicuous places and generally representing us. Steady work to right men. No experience required. Write for particulars.
Royal Remedy Co., London, Ont., Canada.

Live Agents Wanted
Hustlers to handle our attractive combination packages of soap and toilet articles with valuable premiums. One Michigan agent made $65 in 47 hrs., another $21 in 8 hrs., another $22.50 in 10 hrs. Write today. E. M. DAVIS SOAP CO., 1472 Carroll Ave., Chicago, Ill.

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Fat is Dangerous

It is unsightly, uncomfortable, spoils the figure, causing wrinkles, flabbiness and loss of vigor.

Let me send you my Proof Treatment absolutely Free; you can safely reduce your fat a pound a day.

Note what my treatment has done for others:

Mrs. Eva R. Reynolds, Box 114, Lehigh, Webster Co., Iowa, writes: "When I commenced your treatment I weighed 235 pounds, I now weigh 165 pounds, and never felt better in my life."

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Miss Dixie Wilson, Box 78, Franklin, Tenn., writes: "I have lost 69 POUNDS by your treatment and I feel like a new person."

I could fill every page of this journal with testimonials from grateful patients.

It is dangerous, unsightly, uncomfortable and embarrassing to be too fat. Excess fat weakens the heart. The liver, lungs, stomach and kidneys become diseased, the breathing becomes difficult and the end comes in HEART FAILURE and sudden death. You can save yourself from these DANGERS.

I want to prove to you that my treatment will positively reduce you to normal and no matter where the excess fat is located, stomach, bust, hips, cheeks, neck, it will quickly and safely be reduced without exercising or dieting. Your figure will be beautified; flabbiness and wrinkles disappear. Rheumatism, asthma, shortness of breath, kidney and heart troubles leave as the fat goes away. I will send you without a cent of expense on your part, my PROOF TREATMENT FREE. It reduces fat at the rate of a pound a day and does it safely and permanently. **FREE**

Don't miss this offer. My PROOF TREATMENT is FREE. It will make you feel better at once. I will also send you Free my new book of advice, together with testimonials from many well known people. Write to-day.

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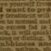

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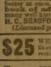

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Sailing With Columbus;
Or, THE PERILS OF FAR SEAS

By WILLIAM H. MANNING

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Begun in No. 33, August 13. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be obtained from news stands, or our agents, or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER XIX.
THE KNIFE.

THE strange ship was moving but slowly, so, though the boat rocked widely in the wash, it was not jeopardized, and its dumfounded occupants held hard and stared. Knowledge that the vessel of the dreaded pirate was hovering over them was startling, but the hail they expected did not come and the brigantine, yawning slowly, passed on leaving the boatmen tossing in its wake.

It was a grim, blood-chilling shape, and no further word was spoken as it drew away. Footing its course into the fog it was soon swallowed up and beyond the line of their vision.

"Mercies of the just! get the sail up and let us be gone!" gasped the second mariner, finally breaking the silence. "Woe to us if Basselo gets us!"

"Hide the lantern!" urged Gil Yanez. "So far we have not been seen, but we may get a shot from a big cannon!"

"Are you certain," asked Leon, "that it is the pirate?"

"Ay!" replied Gil. "Even I saw the name on the stern—the Black Sword."

"The name is there," pursued the Count, "but I needed it not. Too well do I know that clipper craft. It is Basselo, it is the ship packed full of desperate men. What if she should attack the fleet? With her cannon she could demolish every caravel we possess."

"Since she shifted her course she has steered wide of the fleet."

"Ha!" exclaimed Gil, "there is something strange about that steering. Did you notice how oddly she went about? I've seen a deserted vessel, when under shortened sail just as the Black Sword was, move in exactly that way. She yawed, shipmates, and that means no hand at the helm, or else slack steering."

"The main thing is that Basselo is around here," said Naratava. "He will be a dangerous fellow if he sets his guns going against our frail ships. Ha! can it be we are off a coast where Basselo has his lair? In brief, was that light from a pirate stronghold?"

"Saint Felipe!" muttered Gil Yanez dismally.

A troublesome idea had been presented, and it made them long in getting under way again. A new world might lie off their bows, but it was no real prize if inhabited by freebooters who would cut their throats if opportunity offered.

Finally they plucked up courage and hoisted the sail again, after which they sped swiftly toward the land. Then, too, the fog lifted and they were not long in sighting the shore they aspired to gain. It lay before them, a long, low coast with a fringe of trees bordering upon the water. They ran down for a mile or more, eyeing the land and eager to make a stand on firm soil, but the Count had given his word—Columbus must be the first to set foot upon that new world beyond seas.

When they laid their course for the fleet and went into that section where Basselo had been encountered they were not wholly free from timidity, but the Black Sword did not again appear and, in due time, they fetched to the Santa Maria and were presently on board. They brought tidings as good as they were definite—land lay off their bows.

A long consultation was had with the admiral, who listened attentively to their report, but nothing disturbed his calm. They only confirmed his long-established convictions, and he had fought too long for his belief to be surprised at its fulfillment. When, finally, he moved away the rest of the group gave thought to rest. The Count of Naratava was last to go, and as he entered the feebly-lighted cabin his mind turned to personal affairs. He paused and looked at the door of the room where the self-styled Rafelo Blyde slept. Five minutes passed and then Naratava fell to pacing softly.

The anonymous note he had read in the boat had presented a new idea, but he found many things to confirm the claim that Don Rafelo was really Enrique de Zarate. Except for brief periods when his mind seemed to be unnaturally exhilarated, Blyde had persistently avoided him, and seemed to be in great fear of him, or something connected with him.

Many trifles now had meaning, and the Count was satisfied that the man who had plotted against him was almost by his side. Pacing, he meditated upon the plot, his oath of vengeance, and the chance to gratify it. He had sworn to crush De Zarate, and his enemy was there.

It was a glorious chance.

Back and forth Naratava paced a long while, and then he went to the table, sat down, leaned his head upon his hands and continued his meditations. A part of his world was utterly forgotten—the caravel, the land hard aboard, the pirate ship were as nothing. Another part of his world, of his life, absorbed his thoughts.

While he sat thus concentrated, a door opened behind him and somebody peered out. A full minute passed, and then the observer retreated, was gone a moment, and then reappeared. It was Don Enrique, and in his hand he carried a long-bladed knife.

A great change had come over the old gentleman. After a lifetime of mild dignity, kindly actions and good will to his fellow men, the trend of his mental disorder had made a different man of him. He was suddenly a startling figure. His face was fixed and marble-like, his eyes gleamed wildly, and his muscles were tense and strong.

With those madness-kindled eyes bent upon the unconscious nobleman he crept forward, his feet falling softly upon the carpeted floor. The idea that had been in his mind, of late, his project to slay Naratava, seemed open to accomplisment, and murder was in his heart.

The Count dreamed on, studying his problem, and presently the would-be assassin was almost by his chair. Naratava sighed, shifted his gaze, and the mirror fixed on the opposite side of the wall gave him a strange and startling view. The other man, the mad face and the uplifted knife were presented to him.

Always a man of ready action, he acted then with celerity. He leaped to his feet and confronted the monomaniac.

Don Enrique stood dumb, his knife-hand fell slowly, he gazed at his enemy with eyes that grew dull and uncertain. Fear and remorse had no part within him, for he was in a state where nothing was clear. Naratava surveyed him closely, giving heed to his white hairs, his shrunken limbs, his aged face and strange eyes. Giving heed, he acted with promptness.

"Ah!" he said mildly, "so you, too, are wakeful? Will you be seated, good senor?"

Don Enrique fumbled with his weapon, stirred slowly, stared hard, and then lost his tenseness of muscles. His regard shifted, traveled slowly from Naratava to the table, and thence to the knife. Then he flushed red and whipped the weapon under his night-robe, seeking to hide it, and unconscious in his mental disquiet, that secrecy was no longer possible.

"Admiral Columbus is sleeping," pursued the Count gently. "I, too, wanted to see him, but both of us will have to wait until tomorrow. Senor, does it not seem strange to be at anchor so near to land?"

Don Enrique felt a calm steal over his troubled spirit. Aware that he could not slay his enemy openly, and anxious to hide his design, he believed he was not suspected. His hand pressed upon the now-hidden knife and he grew craftily elated. He thought his cunning had deceived Naratava.

He made some reply, scarce knowing what it was, but the Count found it incoherent and inconsequential. And so several sentences were exchanged, but always the older man talked brokenly and at random. He was too much shaken to rally at once.

Naratava saw, and he moved to his companion's side and took his arm as gently as he had spoken.

"Let us to bed," he said quietly. "You, first. Come, good senor, I will guide you. To bed!"

There was no resistance, and Don Enrique suffered the plan to go forward with the passive obedience of a yielding child. The Count conducted him to his room and helped him into his berth, and then covered him up with the blankets.

"Rest!" he directed kindly. "It will soon be day."

With this he left the room, passed through the cabin and went on deck. The Santa Maria lay riding at her anchors, barely lifting in the placid sea. Fog had fallen widely and he could scarce see a hundred feet beyond the bulwarks. Two lanterns burned, and the members of the watch idled about, motionless, wordless, perhaps fully asleep.

Naratava walked to the waist, leaned upon the rail and, facing the seaboard, again betook himself to meditation, reviewing the past. He recalled the unrest among the people on his estate in Spain, the series of uprisings and the outcomes of the plottings, the association of Don Enrique therewith, and his own great wrath. Then came the sea voyage, his meeting with Inez and his purpose to ask her hand in marriage. Last of all the anonymous letter that told him Rafelo Blyde was really Enrique de Zarate, and that Leon was lover of Inez.

This was the situation he was facing.

Plainly, he ought to punish Don Enrique, and ought to hate Leon. What was he to do about it?

He stood for half an hour, thinking it out. Then he suddenly stirred and straightened up. He had arrived at a decision. His purposes for the future were clear. The die was cast.

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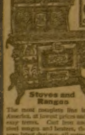

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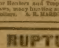

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"It shall be so!" he murmured.

A rustling sound reached his ears. He swept a glance around the deck. The mariners still lounged idly, seeming to be in slumber, and they furnished no explanation of the noise. He glanced more widely and saw a slight figure cross from midships to the larboard quarter. The feeble lanterns and the fog left all in a gloom that made the scene almost weird, but matters took on clearer shape. A second shape followed the first and he saw two figures by the rail.

Then a voice rang out low but keenly:

'Leave that boat alone or I will shoot you!"

Perplexed and amazed, the Count ran forward toward the spot of interest.

CHAPTER XX.

SWORDS ARE DRAWN.

The rustling sound had been from feminine garments, and Inez now stood by the bulwark. Leon was by her side. Both were looking downward to where a boat rocked hard by the hull. It was the craft in which Leon and his companions had lately gone voyaging toward the landfall, though why it had not been hoisted when they returned was not then clear. A voice sounded at Leon's elbow and he saw the Count of Naratava.

"What would you shoot?" demanded the nobleman.

"A knave with a scurvy plot afoot!" retorted the younger man.

"A man in the water—stay! I see a boat under our counter. Ay, and two fellows within it. What means——"

"Stay! Have patience and you shall hear."

With this Leon bent toward the sea again.

"Return!" he ordered crisply.

"Not for you, varlet!" was the retort from the boat.

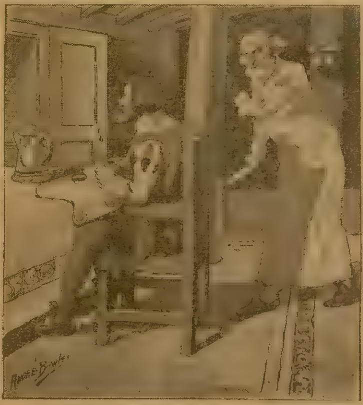
"Then I'll fire, for go you shall not."

"Meddle here further and I'll spit you on my sword——"

The Count hung low down and took up the conversation with authority.

"Let us have no more such talk! Don Alonzo Olzaga, you know me for a man of my word. Return to the deck and I'll judge fairly betwixt you two. Come!"

He who was addressed hesitated, and his temper was bubbling at the intervention, but he knew it was no trifling thing to defy Naratava, and no jest to scorn a flying bullet. Bad as the case looked above, he liked it better than what might happen if he refused. Grumbling in surly exclamations he clambered up, and as his comrade followed they soon presented themselves to the watchers as Alonzo and his friend, Crispo Padilla. Alonzo gave a glance fit to kill at Leon, and then turned to the nobleman.



His project to slay Naratava seemed opened to accomplishment.

"You would go a-sailing," said Naratava quietly. "The notion is odd, yet I have myself sailed, and I doubt not you can explain."

Alonzo started like one suddenly supplied with an idea.

"When you went, noble senor, I asked leave to go and was refused. Now, Crispo and I would fain have our turn in the boat."

"Natural, quite natural. I question not that you had permission from Admiral Columbus."

"Why, as to that, the admiral sleeps, and we would not awaken him, thinking he surely would not object. We are gentlemen adventurers, and entitled to some privileges. Even so, but when we would sail away one here"—he bent his thumb toward Leon—"would have stayed us. Perhaps you heard him threaten to shoot us dead?

"So the winds blow in that quarter. Well, Don Leon, what is your explanation? I heard you say you would shoot——"

"It is for me to explain!" cried Inez. 'Hark you, good Count, a rascally design has been nipped in the bud, as you shall hear. Last eve I went to my couch with my mind in turmoil because land was off our bows, and though I speedily fell asleep I was early awake. Rising, I looked from my window and—mark you this, Sir Count, a light flashed along the water but a few feet distant."

"A light—from out the sea?"

"Not so, from out this ship. Clearly, it came from the window of another room, and like a yellow sword it pierced the gloom. That another might be an early riser, too, was not odd, but there was something strange in the fashion of it. Ay, for thrice it was shut off and as often flashed again, making something like many a signal I have seen in former days——"

"I do protest," began Alonzo sharply, but Naratava stopped him with an imperious gesture.

"When the lady has finished!" commanded the Count.

"I felt," she proceeded, "that there was meaning in all this, so I looked toward the seaboard, and there I saw the lights of a ship——"

"The Pinta or the Nina," put in Alonzo hurriedly.

"Not so!" she retorted, "for both our consorts lie on our starboard beam, and this vessel was to larboard. Ay, and in motion for I saw her lights move horizontally. Plainly, it was time for me to know what it meant, so I lingered until Don Alonzo and Senor Padilla left their room and the cabin and ascended to the deck. Whereupon I aroused Don Leon, and we followed to see—what was happening below."

"Yonder men," said Leon sternly, "would have put away to that other ship, and what ship is it if not Basselo's? Do honest men seek the company of pirates?"

"I know nothing about Basselo," cried Alonzo hotly, "but I brand as a lie the statement that I wished to seek him. Leon Vitoria, coward and falsifier, there is room here for but one of us. You carry a sword and so do I. Guard!"

He whipped out his blade and took a step toward the object of his hate, but Naratava, calm as ever, interposed his form and the sword stopped close to his breast.

"Wait a bit, Alonzo Olzaga!" exclaimed the Count, and his voice lacked its usual urbanity. "I'll not stand here and permit such intemperate work. We lie at anchor but a few cable-lengths from a new world, the unknown land first discovered by a fair lady and that lady Senorita Inez; but the prize by right of Christopher Columbus. It would be an ill deed if we fought on his deck like roystering savages. Sheath your blade, senor!"

"After all the insults I have just endured?" shouted Alonzo.

"Don Leon did well to stay you from visiting Basselo."

"Basselo, and ever Basselo! This talk sickens me; by my soul it tortures my stomach! What have I to do with Basselo? Two things I will do—appeal to the Lord Admiral for redress, and fight Leon Vitoria to the death. No world, new or old, shall stop me.

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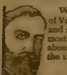

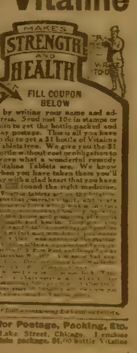

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"Once more, stay! It happens that I know you well, Alonzo," curtly. "Let us see how matters stand. Some time back a letter was found in this ship purporting to be signed by Basselo, and addressed to a comrade of his, bidding him accompany this expedition and ruin the admiral's enterprise. The name of the comrade, as given, was Leon Vitoria. That letter was a forgery—Columbus recognized it as such, and so did I, and I took it and promised to learn who the dastard writer was. Long have I tried, and with ill luck, but this night gave me the clew. As I was entering the boat, a few hours back, a paper was secretly thrust into my hand, filled with words calculated to poison my mind. The point of it is, the same man wrote both."

What is this to us?" asked Alonzo sullenly.

"You shall hear. I failed to see who handed that paper, but another man saw and told me, namely, Horgo Blas, the guardsman. The very versatile forger overreached himself when he did that. And he was Alonzo Olzaga!"

"Forger!" cried Alonzo shrilly. "You say well—if it seemed my work somebody has tried to injure me. Forgery—so you admit it."

"A forgery, a libel upon Basselo," returned Naratava drily. "Let it drop, senor, for Horgo Blas saw you pass the paper to me."

"Will you believe him rather than me?"

"Ay!"

"If such be your tastes, go to Don Enrique de Zarate, your loved friend, whose daughter stands here."

Alonzo had fired his master-shot, and Leon and Inez exchanged a glance of dismay, while the girl trembled perceptibly, but to their surprise, Naratava bowed low and made instant and even reply.

"I have lately been with my friend Don Enrique de Zarate in the cabin, and there enjoyed a pleasant conversation. We talked of Spain, and of my estate, and of his, agreeing that if clouds had come betwixt us of old, they should be swept away by our mutual consent. More than that, it is my purpose to be present when Senorita Inez weds with Don Leon Vitoria."

Silence followed this speech. It was a great surprise to the lovers, but to Alonzo it was worse than wormwood. A few words destroyed all his ammunition against the man he aspired to crush, and the Count's position in the case staggered him. He was wholly at a loss what to do next, but Crispo Padilla plucked at his sleeve.

"Honest men," cried that person, "can get justice in but one way. It is through their own efforts and prowess. Swords, Don Alonzo, and let us end this Leon's career. We shall be approved of when all is known."

The speaker had been standing with his hand on his sword-hilt, and he now drew the blade with a force that brought it hissing into the light. Alonzo fired within at the example and again raised his weapon, but the clash of steel that immediately followed was not of their making. Both swords were turned aside by a strong arm and the party found Columbus standing with them, his eyes burning with unusual light.

"Stand!" he commanded imperiously. "He who does an act of violence on my deck shall suffer like a flogged animal!"

Alonzo fell back a pace and words fell babblingly from his lips. He had bravery, but not the temerity to defy his commander when thus used. Who would have broken that pause was never known, for, as they hesitated, a cry sounded from a mariner.

"A ship, a ship!" was the cry. "Beware the ship—a collision!"

Leon started and looked anxiously, and then he saw a shape looming in the fog and bearing directly upon them, hull and masts and rigging ghost-like in the gray of fading night, but full of ominous meaning.

"A collision, a collision!" shouted other sailors, and yet no man could move to avert the peril with the Santa Maria bound by her anchors.

It was as well, for time would not have been theirs. The other sail ranged alongside, giving a glancing blow, that because of lack of speed, was not a crushing stroke, and then the two locked yards and, with a a shock that heeled the caravel far to larboard, they were fastened together.

Another moment and men rose from the dusky deck of the stranger and leaped to the Santa Maria's bulwark rail. A wild cry came from the caravel's deck.

"Basselo, the pirate!"

CHAPTER XXI.

THE NEW WORLD.

The caravel was instantly a place of utmost confusion. From the time it had been learned that Basselo was in the neighboring waters fear had its place in cabin and forecastle, for it was known that the dreaded pirate had only to train his guns and he would work havoc with the more lightly armed ships of the fleet, while the freebooters, individually, were men to be held in awe and terror.

Now Basselo had come, and his men were pouring to the caravel's deck. So it was that all who saw began to shout in unison, the mate ordering his boatswain to hammer on the scuttle and call the mariners and guardsmen.

Those who were nearest the boarders stood firm, and thus it was that Columbus, Leon, Naratava, Alonzo, and Crispo faced the danger with naked swords. The buccaneers surged at them, and luck had it that Leon crossed blades with Basselo.

At that moment nothing but inborn courage sustained Vitoria, for he had heard it said that Basselo was a swordsman of rare skill, but he had his surprise when the weapons crossed. The fiery assault, the masterful hand, the cunning thrust were all lacking, and the pirate attacked like a lumbering yeoman. More than that, he lurched to and fro strangely, and Leon was wholly at fault until an odor, seldom found at such a moment, was borne to his nostrils. It was the smell of wine, and as Basselo swayed and stumbled, the truth dawned upon the young man—the free-rover was intoxicated.

Leon comprehended, and, risking something in his play, twisted the sword of the redoutable assailant away with ease.

There was some further fighting, but the boarders offered small resistance to the efforts of those who rallied to oppose them, and as the last was disarmed the truth dawned upon all the admiral's party. A bare dozen of foes were there, and all were wobbling and staggering, and all smelled vilely of wine. In brief, it was a band of drunken men who would have done small harm to a force of novices. With Horgo Blas and his guardsmen massed for defense the danger faded away completely.

Basselo, holding up his ponderous body with an effort bowed clumsily to the commander.

"Shipmate, all hail!" he quoth with a hiccough. "I have come to visit you, and I trust I am not unwelcome."

"And," replied Columbus, "you are—who?"

"Basselo, the freebooter, the lion of the seas, the tiger of the waves, the simoon of the tempests, the destroyer of mankind! My eyes burn, my voice deafens, my hand slays like death's own comrade. All this I am, yet I'm the best fellow afloat, kind, cheery, companionable, beloved of men and the saints! Master, have you wine in your pantry for a thirsty soul?"

Leon drew a deep breath. It was a strange chance of the seas that this should be so, that the dreadful pirate should come to them bereft of his fangs, bereft of reason, drunk, silly and weak.

"There are more of us," pursued Basselo. "On my deck you will find the rest of my crew, but still, motionless, sleepy. The fact is that we lately made sack of a small craft called the Little Senorita. One time I had her in my power and deserted her, but I came again to her and found her deck almost dipping in water with the brine that had leaked in through a riddled seam or two. Then I set my fellows to work and we pumped her dry, and lo! we found good wine that we overlooked at first, and we drank freely, for it was good—good—good!"

He trailed away in his speech, but he had said enough for Leon to know that the last-mentioned things occurred after he and his comrades deserted Naratava's ship. She had not sunk in time to prevent the new coming of the buccaneer.

Basselo was ready to talk more folly, but his dim eyes suddenly lighted up and he started forward a pace.

"What, ho!" he cried, more coherently. "Do my eyes rest upon my noble shore ally, Don Alonzo Olzaga? Why, this is a vast surprise, Alonzo, why left you old Spain? If you are here now you can learn what vessels I may with profit sack, and if you do not inform me as to that, how shall I know what to attack? Ay, and how will your pocket be filled if you help me not?"

Alonzo grew white with dismay.

"What fool's-talk is this?" he muttered brokenly. "I know you not."

Several of the freebooters burst into laughter.

"So-ho!" exclaimed one, "our shore-friend is now in fine company, and would deny that he is comrade of ours. Bah! our spy deserts us!"

Naratava touched Leon on the shoulder.

"You see Alonzo in his true colors, at last," he said. "He has been the spy for buccaneers."

Olzaga had more to say, but he was a ruined man and nobody bothered with him then. Even Crispo Padilla slunk away, loath to own him as a friend, for Crispo had one less ill deed to his discredit.

Columbus was intent on the more general interest. While the pirates were in liquor they were helpless, and they must be shorn of their power for evil before they grew sober. Horga Blas and his guardsmen were set in motion and the deck of the Black Sword was raided. As Basselo had indicated the bulk of the crew were there, full in drunken sleep, and it was the easiest of labor to make them prisoners. And while this was being done Basselo watched, agreed and advised.

It was not work for Leon or Naratava, and they lingered with Inez. Day had dawned while the late events were progressing, and they stood in the young light with the eastern sky reddening before the swift advance of the tropic sun. The Count noticed the curious glances bent upon him and, smiling, addressed the girl.

"Senorita," he said, "you fail to understand."

"It is so, senor," she admitted.

"Matters have changed, and I have been learning of late. A few hours ago I had an interview with your father—good Don Enrique may not mention it, but I will—and we buried our feud. I saw—well, I saw how broken he was, and it should not be the way of a brave man to burn with ill will to the mentally afflicted. In a word, though Don Enrique conspired against me I have forgiven him, and all I ask henceforth is that I may be his humble friend, and yours, senorita, and yours, Don Leon. Forgive me if I spoke of the coming marriage betwixt you two, senorita—I meant no harm, and I crave the privilege of being present at the wedding. Believe me, Naratava is your well-wisher!"

Inez started forward and clasped his hand and murmured broken words of thanks and many blessings, and Leon was not much behind her. And thus ended the black cloud that bade fair to overwhelm Don Enrique and his daughter. And so was the great soul of Naratava made fully plain.

His own wishes and hopes were abandoned for the sake of others.

In knavery the servant rarely remains true to the fallen master, and Doron, the forecastle malcontent, came to Leon presently with his brutal face twisted into something intended for humility.

"Worthy senor," he spoke cringingly, "I beg that I may free my mind. I have been deceived by an arch-villain, and led to do that for which I sorrow now, but the saints have led me to confess my shortcomings. I do swear I am no evil man, but I was deceived—well, you shall hear."

"Say on!" Leon curtly responded.

"It was that Don Alonzo. He bribed me with money, sweetened to a charm with false tales. He made me think you a rascal, and this voyage in peril of ruin if you were not undone. Senor, much of the mutineering in the ship has been because Alonzo egged me to it, and the attacks upon you—why, senor, when it was not Alonzo himself who assaulted you, 'twas I. Even when you were cast overboard, why, he drugged you slyly, and then he and I together tossed you to the fishes. I was unwilling to do the work, but he made me believe it good work, and for the welfare of all."

The burly ruffian had more to say, and he said it rapidly, always excusing himself. His talent for falsehood was not to be doubted, but Leon passed that by. The main point was that Doron's confession cleared away what was left of mystery, for he grew more definite after a time.

"Know you that Alonzo would never have been with the admiral on this voyage had not a certain man bribed him to kidnap you—

(Continued on page fifteen.)

Rodney the Watchmaker.

(Continued from page four.)

The youths needed no further commands, though they would liked to have flown to Casimir's assistance. They gave the horse the whip and he bounded forward.

"It's liberty or death, now!" cried Tom. "Casimir will take care of himself."

Half a mile down the road the wagon came to a halt and the boys looked tremblingly back.

"Here he comes," said Rodney, and at that moment the panting Casimir came up.

"I've fixed the sentry," said he between breaths. "I suppose, though, he will rouse the main outposts," and he sprang upon the wagon and, jerking the lines from Rodney's hands, urged the horses on again.

"We are beyond the lines now," said Tom.

"Yes, but we are liable to run into some scouting parties. The road to General Washington is not yet clear."

Meantime, the sentry who had been knocked senseless by the patriot blacksmith had recovered and was skurrying toward the nearest post, where he almost collided with Colonel Severan.

"What's up, dolt?" cried that officer. "You look as if you've seen a ghost."

"I've seen more than a ghost," was the stammered reply. "I tried to stop a wagon containing a man and five boys. But that isn't all. Under the straw were four boots, which I saw. They were carrying some suspicious people beyond the city."

"Marry!" cried the British Colonel. "I see through it all. Here, take a message at once to General Howe. Get it to him somehow. I have no mounted men with me. If we get a detachment at once we can circumvent those Rebels."

Off posted the messenger, and we have already seen the result.

At last, far beyond the British lines and on the farther side of the Schuykill, the fugitives halted.

"We'll breathe a little now," Casimir said. "I wonder how our prisoners are?"

He pulled the straw back from Captain Cunningham and Peter Peeps and looked into their faces.

"You'll hang for this!" growled the jailer.

"Yes, it'll be worse than the gibbet," snapped the weary Peter. "I know now, Master Casimir, that you are not true to the King."

"I call it obtaining knowledge under difficulties," smiled the big blacksmith.

"It's no laughing matter," flashed Cunningham.

"Not for you, my friend," was the reply.

They were about to proceed when a noise was heard down the road, and three horsemen came up.

They were scouting dragoons.

"What's this?" exclaimed the leader of the trio as he bent forward with inspecting gaze.

Casimir instantly drew a pistol from beneath his doublet and covered the horseman.

"Take the other two!" he commanded with a quick glance at Tom and Rodney.

The faces of the dragoons became white.

"What does this mean?" asked one. "Where are you going?"

"Where we please, sir!" came from Casimir's lips. "Are your fingers at the triggers, my young hearties?"

"Yes, sir," responded Rodney.

"Lift a hand, one or all of you, and you're dead men!" cried the blacksmith to the troopers.

Not a muscle of the night riders moved.

"On!" resumed Casimir to our young friends. "We are masters of the situation."

"Help!" came suddenly from beneath the straw as some of it was disturbed. "We are prisoners, being taken to Washington's camp. We——"

"Forward!" cried Casimir, and Rodney gave the horse the whip. The vehicle bowled on once more.

Down the road it went, with three pistols ringing out on the night air.

A brace of bullets sang past the boys' heads, but this did not halt them.

On, on went the toppling wagon. Rodney stood erect with the lines in his hands, while Tom plied the whip.

"It's Washington or doom!" said Timothy.

"It will be Washington if horse and wagon hold out," shouted back the determined Rodney.

At last the dragoons gave up the pursuit. The horse was allowed to slacken his speed and the boys passed into an open plain, above which myriads of stars showered their light upon the scene.

"Now," said the young watchmaker, as he pulled the straw from the prisoners, "how did you like the jaunt, sirs?"

The eyes of Cunningham and his companion fairly blazed.

"I'll answer you, young Rebel, when I slip the noose over your neck!" was the reply.

CHAPTER XVIII.

BUFF AND BLUE.

It was the eighteenth of June, a few days after the events last recorded, and the Quaker City was all agog.

Something of great importance was taking place, for long lines of British troops were moving toward a given point. The streets were lined with curious people, some with sad faces and others who more than secretly rejoiced.

The enemy was evacuating the city they had held so long and all knew that Washington, apprised of the movement, was breaking camp at Valley Forge.

Down Chestnut street came the redcoated infantry, followed by the Queen's Rangers, with Colonel Simcoe at their head, and over the stones rumbled the artillery.

Jotham Joram, the jeweler, stood in the doorway of his shop looking silently on. Some of his best customers were leaving him, for the British were good spenders and he had reaped a rich harvest during the occupation. Now and then one of his patrons waved a farewell, which Jotham returned, and his wistful eye followed the army as it moved on toward Gloucester Point.

"I'm sorry to leave you, friend Joram," said a man who suddenly came up.

It was Master Jacks, the saddler, Tom Clover's late employer, and he held out his hand for a good-by.

"I can't remain and see the Rebels in possession of the city," continued Master Jacks. "It would nearly kill me. A good many of us are going to share the fortunes of the army. Master Gale is giving up his mansion, but it will still be occupied."

"By whom?" queried the watchmaker.

"By Mistress Priscilla and the servants. The girl refuses to go with her father. Would you believe it, Jotham? The little chit is a contumacious Rebel!"

"Impossible!"

"It is true. She told her father plainly this very morning that all along she has been for Washington, and it nearly broke the old man's heart."

"I don't wonder at it," replied Jotham. "It must have stung him sorely. I was hurt when my 'prentice, Rodney, went off into rebellion. I wonder what's become of him?"

"Oh, he'll have the audacity to come back when the Rebels take possession."

"I doubt it, though I believe I would welcome the boy, for he is a good watchmaker," and old Jotham sighed.

Suddenly a huge man with a red handkerchief bound about his brow strode along behind a detachment of Hessians.

"There goes Captain Cunningham," said Jacks. "He can't get over his journey to the Rebel camp in the wagon, under the straw. When he attempted to escape he was fired at by the guards, and that handkerchief hides the wound he got. I fancy he won't get to hang the five little Rebels."

"And Peter Peeps?"

"Oh, Washington turned him over to General Wayne and that General made short work of the King's spy. I heard that he was about to return to the Rebel camp with important papers for our friends in that locality, but he was caught too soon. I hope to live to hear of the hanging of the Minute Boys of Liberty. Well, good-by, Master Joram."

The two shook hands and Master Jacks was soon out of sight.

On the pavement stood a young girl, whose face wore a pleased expression. Dorothy had come out to witness the evacuation of the city.

"They'll come back!" suddenly screeched a voice behind her. "Our people will return and then there will be some hanging in old Philadelphia."

Dorothy turned her head a little and looked into the face of Mother Hawks.

"Do you really think so?" quietly asked the fair Rebel.

"Oh, it's you, is it?" cried the old hag. "You're a pretty minx to be talking to the likes of me. You helped the five young Rebels in their treason and I've a mind to bury my claws in your white throat."

Dorothy did not stir, but looked the old fury in the eye and simply smiled.

"There comes one of your pretty redcoats," she said, as a gallant young horseman came abreast of them. "That's Major Andre, Sir Henry Clinton's Adjutant."

"I know him. I've got a flower for the fine young Major!" and with this Mother Hawks bounded into the street, pulling some fresh flowers from beneath her garment. She cast them at Major Andre, who caught them deftly and bowed.

"I hear he had his fortune told the other night," said Dorothy as the old woman rejoined her.

"And, pray, what did the fortune teller say?" she asked.

"She told him that he is to die on a gibbet."

"Ho! ho! ho!" laughed the old woman. "The wood doesn't grow that is to form a gibbet for my gallant young Adjutant. I warrant the seeress is a rank Rebel."

"On the contrary," said Dorothy, as she turned away, "she is loudly and loyally for King George."

The eyes of Mother Hawks followed the young girl till she was lost in the press of people.

At last the last troop was gone and then came the caravan of Loyalists who were leaving the city, people who did not care to remain behind.

"I'm going to stay," said Mother Hawks, deliberately. "The Rebels shan't drive me away. If General Howe had listened to me he would have had the pleasure of hanging the young traitors and saved Captain Cunningham and Peter Peeps. And to think that Peter owes me three shillings, which he can never pay!"

General Washington, hearing that the Quaker City was no longer in the possession of the enemy, started in pursuit.

Rodney and his friends had enrolled themselves in the American army and soon took part in the Battle of Monmouth, where they distinguished themselves.

When the Americans once more found themselves in Philadelphia the young watchmaker one day presented himself to his old employer, who started as if he had seen a ghost. Old Jotham looked over his spectacles at the boy, who was arrayed in a uniform of buff and blue, and then held out his hand.

"I've missed you, Master May," said he, smiling. "I'm getting too old to take care of the business. I'm willing to turn it over to you, and——"

"Not yet," was the interruption. "I shall not think of business till the colonies are free."

"What a young Rebel you are!" exclaimed the old jeweler. "Where are the rest of the young scapegraces?"

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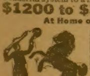

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Nothing better than good old VALPO Bottled in Bond, 100 Proof, Straight Whiskey at any price! It's the real goods, no mistake. Every drop is straight, honest, full of strength and vitality. Taste? You'll never know just how rich, rare, mellow and delicious real whiskey can be until you try a drink or two of genuine VALPO. Just in order to give you, who don't know VALPO, a chance to try it, we make the above Special "Get Acquainted" Offer that will save you money and make us a Friend.

What the "Green Stamp" Means

VALPO Whiskey is Bottled in Bond. That means it is bottled under the supervision of the U. S. Revenue Officials, and each bottle sealed with the U. S. Government "Green Stamp"—Uncle Sam's guarantee that you are getting 100 Proof, Straight, Pure, Aged in Wood, Not Less than Four Year Old Whiskey, just as Originally Bottled.

Try "Valpo" at Our Risk

Send us $2.65 for 4 Full Quart Bottles of VALPO Bottled in Bond Whiskey. Open a bottle and drink what you like. If you don't agree that "VALPO" is the best whiskey you ever tasted, return the unused portion and we will refund your money. You can readily see that we couldn't afford to make this offer if we didn't know for sure that VALPO Whiskey is just as good as the "Green Stamp" says it is.

No distillery in the world ever sold Bottled in Bond Whiskey at this price. All goods shipped by express same day order is received. No personal checks accepted.

LACKLAND DIST. CO., Dept. E St. Louis, Mo.

CENTURY
RUBBER
ROOFING
WARRANTED
FOR
25 YEARS
CENTURY
MFG. CO.
EAST ST. LOUIS, ILL.

RUBBER ROOFING.

WARRANTED FOR TWENTY-FIVE YEARS.

FREIGHT PAID

To any station East of the Rocky Mountains.

One Ply weighs 35 lbs., 108 square feet, $1.10 per roll.
Two Ply weighs 45 lbs., 108 square feet, $1.30 per roll.
Three Ply weighs 55 lbs., 108 square feet, $1.50 per roll.

TERMS CASH.

We save you the wholsalers' and retailers' profit. These special prices only hold good for immediate shipment.

INDESTRUCTIBLE BY HEAT, COLD, SUN OR RAIN.
ANYBODY CAN LAY IT.

Write for FREE SAMPLES or order direct from this advertisement. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. We refer you to the Southern Illinois National Bank.

Century Manufacturing Co. East St. Louis, Ill.

ELGIN WATCHES ON CREDIT

$11.45 — BUYS THIS — **17-Jewel Elgin**

in a Fine 20-Year Gold Filled Case.

SENT PREPAID on FREE TRIAL at Our Bed Rock Wholesale Price.

BIGGEST BARGAIN EVER OFFERED

Only $1.00 a Month

Our Elgin Watches are so well known and our CREDIT PLAN so easy, that no matter where you live or how small your wages, WE WILL TRUST YOU, so that you and every honest man and woman can own a Diamond or High Grade Elgin Watch in a beautiful Guaranteed 25-year Gold Case and wear it while paying for it in such small payments that you never miss the money. WRITE TODAY FOR OUR BIG FREE WATCH AND JEWELRY CATALOG. It tells all about our easy Credit Plan and how we send Elgin 19-Jewel B. W. Raymond and 21 and 23-Jewel Elgin Veritas everywhere on Free Trial, without security or one cent deposit, Positively Guaranteed to Pass Any Railroad Inspection. **HARRIS-GOAR CO.** THE HOUSE THAT SELLS MORE ELGIN WATCHES THAN ANY OTHER FIRM IN THE WORLD.

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Dr. Rainey Gives You A $1.00 Bottle of His Vitality Tablets FREE

The Best Remedy Known for Stomach, Blood, Nerves, Heart, Catarrh, Thinness, Debility, etc.

Dr. Rainey says: *"I consider this improved formula my greatest achievement. I believe it will cure more quickly the diseases and weaknesses mentioned below than any medicine I have ever put upon the market heretofore."*

STOMACH TROUBLES—Have you Stomach Pain, Belching, Lost Appetite, Bad [illegible] Breath, Headache, Heartburn, Bloating, Gas, Spitting of Mucus, Gnawing, Empty Feeling, Lump in Stomach, [illegible] Pain Before or After Eating, Coated Tongue, Sore Mouth, Indigestion? Then you need **Dr. Rainey's Vitality Tablets,** and at once. They will relieve you quickly and permanently, improve appetite, digestion and general health.

THE BLOOD—Pimples, Blackheads, Sores, Blotches, Pale, Sallow Complexion, Lips Blue, Specific Blood Poison, Eczema, Malaria, Enlarged Joints or Glands, Chilly, Feverish, Run Down, Debilitated, Weak, Emaciated! You surely need **Dr. Rainey's Vitality Tablets.** They restore strength and fibre to the blood, so it will furnish nourishment to the whole body.

THE NERVES—Nervous Debility, Weakness, Jerking, Jumping, Excitable, Tired, Worn Out, Feel Like Falling When Eyes Closed and Feet Together, Restless at Night, Poor Memory, Melancholy, Despondent, Wake Up Unrefreshed, Weak Trembling, Dizzy, Fainting Spells, Hands or Feet Numb, Neuralgia, Lack Energy, Strength, Ambition! You need **Dr. Rainey's Vitality Tablets.** They restore nerve tissue to normal condition, steady the nerves, banish the blues, make you feel full of life, vigor, ambition, and many years younger.

HEART—Weakness, Skipping of Beats, Fluttering, Palpitation, Pain in Left Side, Pains Under Shoulder Blades, Shortness of Breath, Dizzy, Sinking Sensations, Cold Extremities, Swollen Feet, Throbbing or Hammering Sensation, Can't Lie on Right Side or Back, Rheumatism, Asthma? Get **Dr. Rainey's Vitality Tablets.**

CATARRH—Hawking, Spitting, Accumulation of Mucus, Watery Discharge from Stomach, Spit up Slime, Nose Runs, Sneeze, Bad Odor, Dull Headaches, Catarrhal Deafness, Pains in Kidneys, Bladder, Lungs or Over Entire Body, Slimy Discharge from Bowels? Get **Dr. Rainey's Vitality Tablets** at once! They remove the cause.

THINNESS—Under Weight, Hollow Cheeks, Flat Chest, Scrawny Neck, Dyspepsia, Thin Blood? Dr. Rainey's Vitality Tablets build you up in every way. Guaranteed to make you gain 5 to 25 lbs. Will greatly improve your appearance.

NO SECRET FORMULA—The days of secret preparations are numbered. I give the formula of my Vitality Tablets on each bottle. Nothing to hide.

DR. RAINEY'S VITALITY TABLETS act directly through the stomach, enriching the blood, building up the nervous system; generate vitality, create nerve force, restore full strength and vigor, so you can enjoy life's pleasures to the fullest. Contain no injurious drugs. **Guaranteed under U. S. Food & Drugs Law (Serial No. 21068.)** I not only send you a Free Dollar Bottle of Vitality Tablets, which contains 120 tablets, but also a **Free box of my Laxatives, Improved Formula.** I ask only that you send 10c, stamps or coin, to partially defray cost of postage and packing on the 2 medicines. Don't delay writing. **Send today.**

DR. RAINEY'S
Vitality
Tablets
IMPROVED
FORMULA

This Bottle is Absolutely Free! I will never ask you to pay for it. Nor are you under any obligation to buy more tablets. After you have tried them thoroughly, if you are satisfied the medicine is all I claim, I know you will be only too happy to continue until health, strength and vigor are completely restored.

COUPON FOR FREE FULL $1.00 BOTTLE—Sign and Mail At Once!

Dr. James M. Rainey, (Inc.), Dept. 18, 152 Lake Street, Chicago, Ill.: I enclose 10 cts. for postage and packing. Send at once by mail, in plain package, $1.00 bottle of DR. RAINEY'S VITALITY TABLETS, IMPROVED FORMULA, also FREE BOX OF DR. RAINEY'S LAXATIVES, IMPROVED FORMULA, without cost or obligation to me. Also your FREE HEALTH BOOK.

NAME ....

ADDRESS ....

"We're all here," said Rodney. "Tom was wounded at Monmouth, but he's doing well, and Timothy had a narrow escape in the same battle. I must be going."

At that moment a human form was seen running across the street, and Rodney heard a voice he had heard before.

"Here you are again!" cried Mother Hawks, as she came up, panting. "I had hoped they had hanged you."

"Not so bad as that," laughed the young Continental. "If you had had your way, I suppose I wouldn't be here."

"That you wouldn't!" was the reply. "So they really hung Peter?"

"Yes."

"He owed me three shillings."

"Well, Mother Hawks," said Rodney, diving one hand into his pocket, "I'll liquidate the debt. Here's your money," and he laid the coin in the yellowish hand before him.

"Ho! I care more, after all, for the money than I ever did for Peter Peeps. You look scrumptious in that nice uniform," and the old hag drew off and surveyed the young watchmaker from head to foot.

"You don't want to hang me now, do you?" queried Rodney.

"Not quite so badly as I did," was the reply. "But I wouldn't turn my back if you were on the gibbet," and with this the old woman turned away.

It was really true that Miss Priscilla had refused to accompany her father from the city when it was evacuated by the enemy. She remained in the fine mansion with Prudence, keeping open house to Rodney and his friends, and Dorothy often came to make the crowd the merrier.

Captain Cunningham never came back to take vengeance on his young foes, but was killed in one of the battles between redcoats and patriots.

The Minute Boys of Liberty did good service in the field till the conclusion of the war for independence, and Casimir, the big blacksmith, became one of the steady followers of Washington.

Some time after the war Rodney returned to the Quaker City and was welcomed by Miss Priscilla, whom he made his bride, while Tom and Dorothy became their attendants at the altar.

One day an old woman lifted the gilded knocker at Isaac Gale's door, and Prudence opened it.

"Where's Master May?" inquired the visitor, who was dressed in clean and becoming garments.

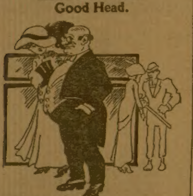
"In the parlor."

The old lady pressed forward and came upon Rodney and Priscilla.

"Ho, I've come back!" she exclaimed. "I'm a Rebel now myself. I want to shake hands with and congratulate the Captain of the Minute Boys of Liberty. Down with King George, and long life to General Washington," and Mother Hawks's eyes snapped with real pleasure as she looked into Rodney's face.

The end.

Good Head.



He—I made $500 out of the chicken business.

She—Did you?

He—Yes, I stayed out.

Good News for the Deaf.

A celebrated New York Aurist has been selected to demonstrate to deaf people that deafness is a disease and can be cured rapidly and easily in your own home. He proposes to prove this fact by sending to any person having trouble with their ears a trial treatment of this new method absolutely free. We advise all people who have trouble with their ears to immediately address Dr. Edward Gardner, suite 313, No. 40 West Thirty-third street, New York City, and we wish to assure them that they will receive by return mail, absolutely free, a "Trial Treatment."

Characteristic Expressions.

"Blood will tell," said the man who shaved himself and didn't want people to know it.

"The older I grow the stronger I get," remarked the well-used pipe.

"The game is up," said the hungry diner noting the advance in price on the menu.

"Anything for a change," observed the chorus girl as she applied the peroxide to her locks.

"It's time to get dressed for dinner," said the lobster as the cook took it from the refrigerator.

"It doesn't bother me if food is high," said the giraffe as he nibbled away at a tree top.

To WOMEN WHO DREAD MOTHERHOOD

Information How They May Give Birth to Happy, Healthy Children Absolutely Without Pain—Sent Free.

No woman need any longer dread the pains of childbirth; or remain childless. Dr. J. H. Dye has devoted his life to relieving the sorrows of women. He has proved that all pain at childbirth may be entirely banished, and he will gladly tell you how it may be done absolutely free of charge. Send your name and address to Dr. J. H. Dye, 200 Lewis Block, Buffalo, N. Y., and he will send you, postpaid, his wonderful book which tells how to give birth to happy, healthy children, absolutely without pain; also how to cure sterility. Do not delay but write today.

Same Old Game.

Sister Sue—What have you been doing up in the country?

Brother Tom—Oh, just fishing and lying around.

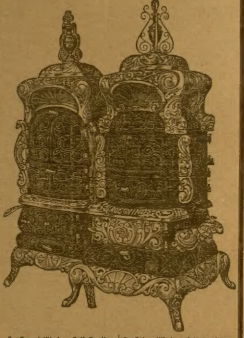
40 Carloads of Satisfaction in One Season

The two remarkable stoves shown in the picture made a most remarkable record last season. We sold forty carloads of Palace Windsor and Superb Windsor hard coal base burners last Fall and if any proof were required to impress the stove users of this country with the splendid quality of these particular stoves and, in fact, of all the stoves and ranges sold by us, this record would supply that proof. Just think of forty carloads of base burners sent from us to our customers and not a single one of them returned as unsatisfactory! Forty carloads of stoves scattered over this great country of ours, subjected to daily use in the homes of our friends, depended upon to make the home pleasant and comfortable in the severest winter weather, all sold under a most liberal guarantee of absolute satisfaction or we refund the purchase price and transportation charges both ways, and every single base burner of the forty carloads giving full satisfaction, not a single letter of complaint, not one stove of the forty carloads returned because of dissatisfaction. Three stoves were damaged in transit, but as we guarantee safe delivery we replaced them to the three customers who received the stoves that were damaged by the railroad company.

This record proves two things: First, the enormous sales which we enjoy; Second, the high quality of the stoves sold by us. Our large sales are due to the fact that we take the output of several stove foundries, every foundry making a special line of stoves for us according to our own specifications. Our stove manager has spent a lifetime in this business; he knows how stoves should be built to give the best possible service with the least fuel and every stove sent out by us must pass rigid inspection, must measure up to our high standard of quality. Taking the output at foundry cost, we then send them direct to you, carefully crated, blackened and polished, safe delivery to your nearest railway station guaranteed; and to the foundry cost we add but one small margin of profit. Under this policy you save from $5.00 to $20.00 when you buy a stove or range from us. Those who bought these high quality base burners last year write us that they saved as much as $20.00 on the purchase and as the freight charges are very low, the saving was enough in many instances to buy a large portion of the fuel needed to run them last Winter. With our large sales, our economical methods of handling merchandise, our small profits, we are able to give you better qualities for less money than other dealers give you. We want to prove this to you if you will let us.

Write us a letter or a postal card to-day and say "Please send me your new stove catalogue for 1910 and '11" and we will immediately send this new book, just from the printer's hands. It shows you the most complete line of high grade stoves and ranges sold by any single firm in this country. We have everything from the lowest priced airtight heating stove to the finest malleable iron and steel ranges. We have stoves that burn wood, coal, corn cobs, straw and trash of every description; we have stoves for hard coal and stoves for soft coal; we have stoves for every climate and every purpose and in every instance, quality for quality, our prices will save you money.

If you need a stove of any kind this Fall or Winter it will be very much to your advantage to write us a letter or a postal card and ask for a copy of this free stove catalogue.



Our Superb Windsor, Self-Feeding, Double Heater, Hard Coal Base Burner

Which is constructed in our large Pennsylvania Foundry, is a serviceable, reliable and satisfactory stove with steady and powerful heating capacity. The design is new and complete as well as thoroughly practical while its construction is scientific and perfect, thus making our Superb Windsor a superior, popular priced, Hard Coal Base Burner.

Our Superb Windsor combines elegance of design with Durability, Strength, Powerful Heating Capacity and a Practical Economy of Fuel with Low Prices.

Prices of Superb Windsor $21.95 to $27.93, according to size.

Our Palace Windsor, Self-Feeding, Double Heater, Hard Coal Base Burner

Is the best value ever offered in a high-grade Hard Coal Base Burner. Our illustrations are taken from the photographs of the actual stove. Thousands of our customers throughout the entire world voluntarily testify to its beauty and simplicity of design; the absolute perfection of the materials used to the reliability of its mechanical construction; the uniform, perfect and powerful radiation and circulation of heat; the economy of fuel consumed and also to the simplicity and ease of operation and control.

Prices of Palace Windsor $26.05 to $34.68, according to size.

Prompt shipment from Chicago, St. Louis, Minneapolis, Kansas City, also from foundry in Western Pennsylvania. Write at once for our stove catalogue and get full description of these two heaters, with list of sizes and prices. Our catalogue contains among other things a table of freight rates showing the freight on stoves to every state in the Union.

We Are Prepared to Make Quick Delivery

We have worked out a plan under which we carry large stocks of our best stoves and ranges in several warehouses scattered about the country, so that when your order reaches us, we are prepared to make very quick delivery and this also means lower freight charges because the distance the transportation company must carry the stove is so short. We are ready now with the largest stocks in our history. We can deliver in just a few days' time and our low prices, our high qualities, our prompt service, certainly entitle us to consideration at your hands before you buy a stove or range from anyone at home or elsewhere. Get the catalogue with all the particulars, our special offers and guarantees by writing us a letter or a postal card, addressing the store nearest you—19th and Campbell Streets, Kansas City, or Chicago Avenue Bridge, Chicago.

Montgomery Ward & Co.

CHICAGO AND KANSAS CITY

113

Esther, The Mountain Beauty

(Continued from page seven.)

"Do you care like that, honey?" he asked, and as Esther hid her glowing face on his breast, he said, very gently:

"I reckon it's only nat'ral, I reckon it's only nat'ral. Yo' old dad's mighty glad to see the roses in yo' cheeks and the happiness shinin' outen yo' eyes, honey. And, now, how we're goin' to let him know that my leetle gal's a 'ristocrat same as he is?"

"Let's go and tell him, daddy," she half whispered.

"But we don't know whar to find him, honey."

"I know where to find him, daddy. He told me where he lives. It ain't far from Winchester."

A curious expression stole over Hite Dorn's face. It was a moment or so before he spoke.

"Not far from Winchester," he murmured, half to himself.

"Yes, daddy, that's where he lives. I can find it right easy. Oh, daddy, let us go, and real soon?"

"All right, honey," Hite Dorn acquiesced. "S'pose now we go tomorrow."

"Tomorrow!" murmured Esther, her sweet voice thrilling with joy. Then suddenly a cloud dimmed the radiance of her lovely face. "But, daddy, I ain't got no clothes fit to go in," she said, dejectedly.

"Oh, I reckon we can fix that all right," Hite Dorn hastened to reassure her. "Thar's a trunk up in the loft filled with things that belonged to yo' mother, things that she brought away with her. They'se all your'n."

Esther sprang to her feet with an exclamation of delight.

"Oh, daddy, how nice!" she cried, and ran to the steps leading to the loft, up which she sprang quickly.

"Thank God, my leetle gal's happy!" murmured Hite Dorn. "I couldn't b'ar fo' to see her pinin' and unhappy." He sighed. "But I'll be kinder lonesome like on the mountain when my leetle gal's gone."

He sat staring into the fire very sadly. A touch on his arm aroused him and he looked around.

Esther stood beside him. She was clad in a long, black fur coat and wore a black silk hood, trimmed with fur and tied under her chin with black ribbons.

"Will I do, daddy?" she asked, a little shyly.

A quiver went through Hite Dorn from head to foot. He sat motionless, rigid, staring at her dumbly. The look on his face frightened the girl.

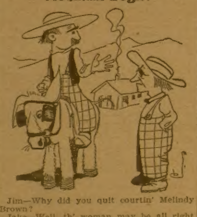
"Oh, dad, what's the matter?" she cried. "What makes you look at me like that?"

Hite Dorn drew a long, deep breath as he drew her gently to him.

"Thar, honey, don't be scared," he said, tenderly. "I—I done thought for the moment that it war yo' mother come back from the dead!"

Next week's Ledger will contain the conclusion of this remarkable story. We will give you constantly the very best stories of entertainment that money will buy, so send in your subscription and take the Ledger regularly, if you are not doing so. You will not regret it.

Mountain Logic.



Jim—Why did you quit courtin' Melindy Brown?

Jake—Well, th' woman may be all right so fur's I know, but I got t' thinkin' she couldn't be much or she wouldn't be goin' with me—so I quit her.

A Mean Trick.

"Toddler is a mean man."

"Why, what has he done to you?"

"Bet me five dollars I could not hit a barn door with a revolver at twenty feet. After I put up the money, he set the door up edgewise."

Hard World to Hit.

He—Fadly has given up his automobiles and caught the airship fever.

She—How long do you think he will be bent on going up?

He—Oh, until he gets bent coming down.

FITS EPILEPSY OR FALLING SICKNESS

Why despair, if others have failed; send at once for a treatise and Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. I have made the disease of Fits, Epilepsy or Falling Sickness a life-long study, and warrant my remedy to give immediate and successful relief. I have hundreds of testimonials from those who have been cured. Give express and P. O. address.

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One Cent Each

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If you suffer from any man-weakening ailment such as lack of power or nervous debility, or any kidney, bladder, stomach or liver complaint, or any form of blood poison, constitutional or organic disease, write me today, telling me in a few words what ails you, and at once, free of charge, I will send you One Full Dollar's Worth of a specially prescribed and personally prepared remedy for your particular ailment, which will Prove to you—without it costing you one penny—that you can be cured—quickly and completely.

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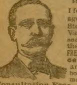

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$3.50 RECIPE CURES WEAK MEN—FREE

Send Name and Address Today —You Can Have It Free and Be Strong and Vigorous.

I have in my possession a prescription for nervous debility, lack of vigor, weakened manhood, failing memory and lame back, brought on by excesses, unnatural drains, or the follies of youth, that has cured so many worn and nervous men right in their own homes—without any additional help or medicine—that I think every man who wishes to regain his manly power and virility, quickly and quietly, should have a copy. So I have determined to send a copy of the prescription free of charge, in a plain, ordinary sealed envelope to any man who will write me for it.

This prescription comes from a physician who has made a special study of men and I am convinced it is the surest-acting combination for the cure of deficient manhood and vigor failure ever put together.

I think I owe it to my fellow man to send them a copy in confidence so that any man anywhere who is weak and discouraged with repeated failures may stop drugging himself with harmful patent medicines, secure what I believe is the quickest-acting restorative, upbuilding, SPOT-TOUCHING remedy ever devised, and so cure himself at home quietly and quickly. Just drop me a line like this: Dr. A. E. Robinson, 3791 Luck Building, Detroit, Mich., and I will send you a copy of this splendid recipe in a plain ordinary envelope free of charge. A great many doctors would charge $3.00 to $5.00 for merely writing out a prescription like this—but I send it entirely free.

Sailing With Columbus.

(Continued from page twelve.)

and bring you along. That man, senor, was he who would have succeeded to your estate if you died, and Alonzo was hired to murder you at sea. Now you know why you were taken along in the Santa Maria."

It was not policy to rebuff a rascal who was ready to confess, and Leon heard fully, questioned freely, and then sent Doron away with as much of civility as he could muster. Naratava had listened, and he now addressed his companion.

"Is the tale credible, Don Leon?" he asked.

"It surprises me, but must be true. By the death of an uncle I succeeded to large estates just before this voyage began, and was on my way to claim my heritage when, stopping for the night at Palos, I was drugged and brought to this ship. I had not expected the next of kin to thirst for my life, but with this story told I must believe that he did."

"But you live!" cried Inez quickly.

"Ay, and—I have gained more than I could have lost!"

As he exclaimed so impetuously she flushed, and the Count smiled, but they had time for no more. The pirates had been herded in their own ship, and preparations were under way to go to that fair land that lay smiling off the bows of the fleet.

Boats were lowered from each vessel, and the start made. Leon and Naratava were by the side of Columbus. As they neared the land, men were seen to emerge from the woods in an excited mood, men sparsely clad, untutored natives of the newly-discovered region. If the Spaniards considered the situation strange, what of the barbarians as, when a landing was made, the great navigator walked forward clad in his rich scarlet robes?

Timidity reigned before him, and the natives hung back as he carried out his idea. A few steps he went, and there fell upon his knees and engaged in prayer. Anon, rising, he planted the banner of Spain and formally named the land San Salvador.

America had been discovered!

* * * * * * * *

Of the meeting of Columbus and the natives, and of the events that followed we need not tell; they are history. Only one matter of import to this narrative occurred while there. Doron, the man well recommended by himself, somehow managed to liberate the freebooters and they escaped and sailed away. Only the fact that the admiral had taken all cannon away from the Black Sword prevented calamity to the fleet, but no attack could be ventured without guns.

On the homeward voyage to Spain the caravels came upon a hulk, dismasted, rent and blackened, a shape that barely rose above the seas that laved her sides. It was the Black Sword, with every evidence of a gunpowder explosion. By some chance Basselo and his men had died and been blown from the wreck.

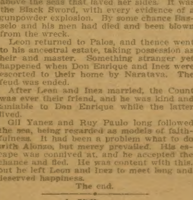
Leon returned to Palos, and thence went to his ancestral estate, taking possession as heir and master. Something stranger yet happened when Don Enrique and Inez were escorted to their home by Naratava. The feud was ended.

After Leon and Inez married, the Count was ever their friend, and he was kind and amiable to Don Enrique while the latter lived.

Gil Yanez and Ruy Paulo long followed the sea, being regarded as models of faithfulness. It had been a problem what to do with Alonzo, but mercy prevailed. His escape was connived at, and he accepted the chance and fled. He was content with this, but he left Leon and Inez to meet long and deserved happiness.

The end.

A Winner.



Little Wally (to the beau)—Sis'll be down in a minute. She's havin' her new dress hooked up.

Beau—How is it, Wally—pretty?

"Say, it's a stunner. Sis said she'd bet it would bring you around if anything would."

J. P.

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The World of Fiction.

Human nature presents many curious phenomena, but none, perhaps, more curious than the interest and sympathy which can be felt by men and women for the imaginary characters which people the world of fiction. Herein lies the power of the novel. Were it not for this interest and sympathy the novel would lose its strongest recommendation. Thus the novel does more than supply a demand; it draws its readers away from the consciousness of self, and arouses those feelings of sympathy which always have a humanizing tendency. A good story may exercise a beneficial influence, of which the reader is quite unconscious, but which will nevertheless bear fruit in its effect upon the character.

To look upon novels as mere inventions for giving idle people and frivolous young men and women an occupation is to take not only a very low view, but a very unjust view of their utility. This view might be justified if they never rose beyond the standard aimed at by a certain class of French and English novelists; but writers with high aims have devoted their intellects to the production of novels which cannot fail to raise the moral tone of those who read them.

A good story usually contains the delineation of a character worthy of imitation. And it very often happens that the study of a character, even if the character be that of a fictitious person, has a lasting influence on the mind. Thus a romance may act as an exemplar to the readers of the standard of life they ought to aim at. But it would, naturally, be impossible to estimate fully the value and influence of a really good work of fiction. A good story that has made its mark in the literary world, and which remains popular after the interest in its first appearance has abated, is read by thousands. Out of these thousands there must be some who are capable of being influenced by it; and if the perusal does influence them for good it is all the better for them and for society that the book was written.

There is another point for consideration. The most inveterate readers cannot always be engrossed in the study of works which require close attention. Times will come when the weary reader requires a change, and no more healthful change could be imagined than that afforded by the pages of a thoroughly interesting novel. Hence this species of literature has its value as a mental anodyne. And it has this value not only to the brain workers, but to those whose lives are harassed by the dull monotony of daily cares and anxieties. It is a great relief to turn away from the realities of life and become absorbed for a while in the imaginary cares, sorrows, and joys of the great world of fiction. The tension of the mind is relieved, new thoughts are suggested, laid down in a very different frame of mind fresh interests awakened, and the story from that in which it was taken up.

Caring for the Sick.

There is nothing quite so effective as personally suffering a spell of illness for giving one valuable experience in caring for the sick. But it is really not necessary to go through an attack of illness to know how to meet it. Certain little matters of this kind should be learned by every woman, for she never knows when the emergency may arise which will make such knowledge a boon.

One of the first rules to be laid down concerning disease of any kind is to keep the patient away from other members of the family.

There may be nothing contagious about the attack—but, then, one never can tell. So many serious maladies have the same opening stages as trifling complaints that it is well to be on the safe side and avoid all risks.

A child is comparatively easy to manage in illness if he has been properly trained. It is the adult, after all, who gives real trouble when he is only slightly ill. He finds it hard to yield to sickness and to acknowledge himself worsted, and the woman who attempts to keep a man of active temperament comfortable and contented when he has been compelled to take to his bed has her work cut out for her.

Don't annoy him too much. Let him feel that you are ready to serve him whenever he needs it. See that his bed is well made, the undersheet stretched tight and smooth, the pillowcases fresh and cool, the pillows neither too big nor too small, the bedclothes generally of the right weight, the light properly shaded, and then leave him alone.

At given times he may have to be roused for medicine or food, but between times give him the benefit of a rest cure, unless he expresses a desire to be entertained.

Choose carefully the things you talk of when you do talk. Don't bother him with trifles that are likely to worry him. Leave your own troubles and annoyances outside of the sick room.

Above all, never let him feel that the care you are giving him is interfering with your work or pleasure. That is often the most disturbing thing you could do.

Tact and an unfailingly pleasant demeanor, however trying the patient may be, are invaluable in the sick room, and constitute the first essentials of successful nursing.

When the King Travels.

A royal visit is a busy time to more than the prospective host and hostess, for those who are responsible for their safe transportation, from the president of the railroad to the humblest laborers, have their hands full. The royal special is a most sumptuous affair. The king's car contains bedroom, dressingroom and smokingroom, which are all fitted up with electrical devices, from electric heaters and fans to cigar lighters.

The queen's car is daintiness itself, and is furnished in satinwood, ivory, rosewood and mahogany. The decorations are so exquisite that when not in use the car is kept in a special shed of even temperature, so that the works of art may not be spoiled by heat, dampness or cold. There is a storeroom at the end of the special for the various belongings which the royal couple always take.

There is a room at all the large London terminals especially fitted for the use of the king and queen, and the time-tables of the royal couple are always printed in letters of gold. The whole train is thoroughly examined an hour before they get aboard, and a complete staff of telegraphers under an electrical engineer is installed on it. This enables communication to be established with the world about at any point that may be desired.

Needless to say, the finest locomotive on the line is always selected, and both the chief engineer and the permanent way engineer accompany the train, which has as driver the most trustworthy veteran in the service. For at least half an hour before the special is due no train except a pilot, which has been sent fifteen minutes ahead of it, is allowed on or across the tracks, and all facing points are locked and stations and crossings guarded. And then there is spread along the whole way every few hundred yards an army of watchers, each of whom has a red and green flag.

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I drank beer at first, then gradually developed into a drinker of strong liquors. When drinking heavily I wouldn't hesitate to pawn my coat or break a saloon window to get spirits. For long periods I would drink over a quart of whiskey, rum or gin daily. And some mixed drinks and beer additionally!

I damaged business, health and social opportunities, made family miserable, lost real friends and became an unworthy, unwelcome burden upon all except the saloonkeepers, who cheerfully took my money for the poison they gave me.

For 16 years I kept it up, and I was regarded as a hopeless case. Various "cures" did me no good. But now I have a joyful message for drinkers and

Mothers, Wives, Sisters

While drifting from bad to worse, as all slaves of King Alcohol do, I unexpectedly found a true cure. It was (and is) genuine. It saved my life. My health was quickly restored. I became and am a respectable man, enjoying every benefit of freedom from the accursed alcohol. I speedily and naturally lost all desire for drink. I took less and less. I began to prefer tea, coffee and other non-alcoholic liquids; the craving for liquor ceased. I could sleep perfectly, my stomach became well and I recovered from other ailments which I now know were due to my indulgence in strong drink.

WONDERFUL

My cure lasted 3 days; if I had relied upon will power or faith I would still be a drunkard, because an alcohol slave has no will power while drinking. I rejoiced so greatly at having found a true cure that I decided to devote my life to removing the curse from others. My success has been marvelous. During eight years I have personally attended to over 6000 men and women who were addicted to drink; the list includes very many persons notable in all walks of life, including those of brains and those of physical energy. If I were permitted to mention names of those who have been saved through this *quick, permanent cure* the public would be astonished. They include senators, congressmen, public officials, great lawyers, bankers, clergymen, noted merchants, skilled mechanics, trusted managers and clerks, farmers and others in all vocations.

I tell about the secret in my book, which I send FREE to every person (or relative or friend) who takes alcohol in any form to excess. My one purpose in life is to cure the drunkard. I rejoice in every cure, each victim has my sympathy. What I promise is absolutely guaranteed. My remedy is for either steady or periodical drinkers. Think of it—a complete and permanent home cure between Friday night and Monday night—or any other 72 hours!

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FOR
YOUTHFUL EYES

A Sleepy Cow.

The farmer's cow was tired. The day was hot, and there was no shade in the cut meadow where she had been turned in to eat stubble. The farmer and his hired men were piling the straw in stacks, and the cow thought that she might as well get the benefit of the shade that the straw cast. So she lay down at one side of a stack and went to sleep. The cow did not come home that night, and it was not until ten days afterward that the farmer noticed a cloven hoof sticking out from under a strawstack. He dug away the straw and there he found the cow lying where she had been covered while she slept. She was hungry and thirsty, but the farmer thinks that she will be all right again in a week or two.

A Burning River.

It is said of a lazy man that he will never "set the river on fire." This cannot be said of a locomotive owned by a railroad running through Kansas City, Kan. This engine really did set a river on fire not very long ago.

The river is a small stream called Oil Creek. It runs past the plant of a great oil company, and the refuse from the tanks runs into it. Of course, the oil floats on the top of the water, making wonderful colors when the sun is bright. The oil gave out a light of its own when a red-hot cinder from a passing locomotive fell into it. There was a great burst of flame, and then the wave of fire swept across the creek and up and down the current. A black veil of smoke leaped into the air and slowly floated over the city. For three hours the creek burned, and then the oil was all consumed. The fire died down, leaving the water, clearer than it had been in many years, flowing between the banks caked with soot as if with black frost.

Why the Sun Sets.

Little Jack asked his mother one night why the sun set so often. She told him so that it might rise in the morning. This seemed a useless reason, and Jack hunted for another. At last he said:

"Oh! I know, mother. The sun sets so that she can hatch all the days!"

DISAPPOINTMENT.

Our little Jim on a visit was going,
And Mother had told him to pack up his grip.
"Have you everything in,"she asked as he finished,
"You will possibly need on your visit and trip?"
"Oh, dear, yes!" cried Jim in a fever of hurry.
"Your comb and your brush?" Mamma paused to ask.
"Well, I just declare! Now, please, don't you worry,
I said that I'd finish this bag as my task.
"My comb and my brush! Why Mother, how funny!
I don't really see what in all the creation
I should want of a horrid old comb and a brush,
When I'm going away on a jolly vacation!"

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___ If you are subject to malaria.
___ If you spit up mucus or slime.
___ If you are subject to biliousness.
___ If you are troubled with catarrh.
___ If your sleep does not refresh you.
___ If you feel weak and all run down.
___ If you have palpitation of the heart.
___ If you have heartburn and indigestion.
___ If you have weak lungs or cough much.
___ If you have any rectal trouble or piles.
___ If you belch up wind from the stomach.
___ If your hands and feet get cold easily.
___ If you spit up sour or undigested food.
___ If you have foul breath and coated tongue.
___ If your bowels are irregular or constipated.
___ If you have specks floating before the eyes.
___ If you have dizziness or swimming of the head.
___ If you have itching or burning of your skin.
___ If you have hot and cold flashes over the body.
___ If you have boils and pimples on the face and on the neck.
___ If you feel bloated, distressed or sleepy after eating.
___ If you are depressed in spirits and easily discouraged.
___ If you have pains in the back, through loins, hips and joints.
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